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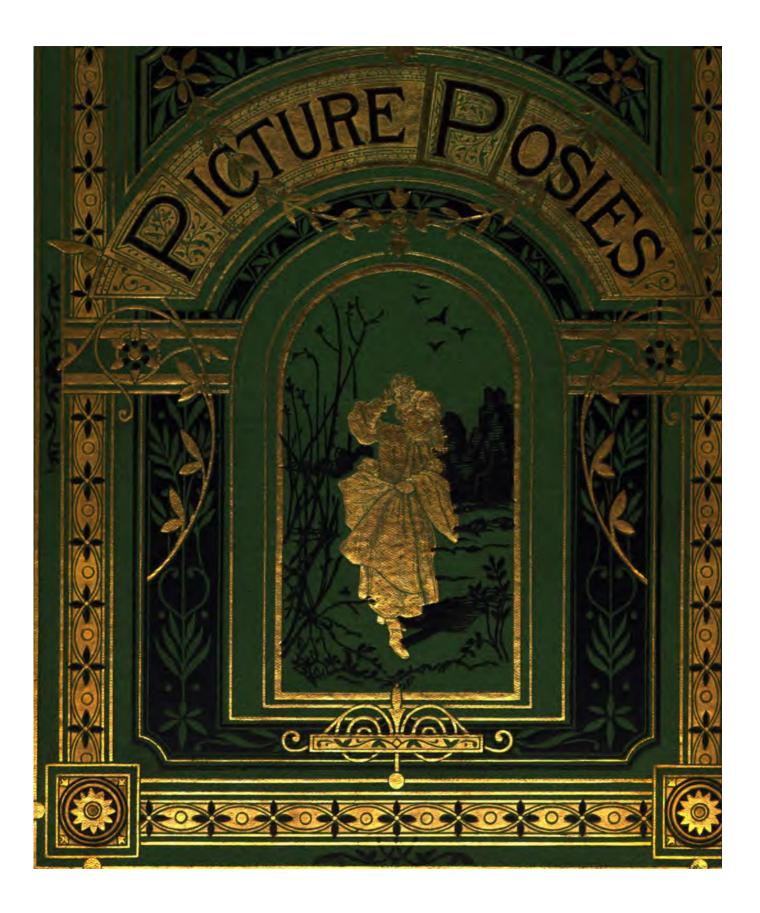
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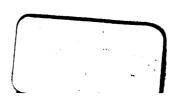
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# PICTURE POSIES

# POEMS

## CHIEFLY BY LIVING AUTHORS

AND

### DRAWINGS

BY

F. WALKER, A.R.A.
J. W. NORTH
T. DALZIEL
A. B. HOUGHTON
J. D. HARDING
W. MULREADY, R.A.
J. WOLF
J. D. WATSON
BIRKET FOSTER
AND OTHERS
W. SMALL

ENGRAVED BY DALZIEL BROTHERS



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# PREFACE.

Our Picture Posies have all appeared before, the greater part of them in "A Round of Days" and "Wayside Posies," both of which works were received with great favour; and the fact of both being out of print justifies the present issue.

. • •

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# PICTURE POSIES

#### I. SPRING DAYS.

The merry Spring is coming now,
The swallow o'er the sea;
The bud will hang upon the bough,
The blossom on the tree;

And many a pleasant sound will rise to greet her on her way,
The voice of bird, and leaf, and stream, and warm winds in their play.
Oh! sweet the airs that round her breathe, and bountiful is she;
She bringeth all the things that sweet, and fresh, and hopeful be;
She looks in love upon the earth, through sunshine and through showers;
She fills the maiden's heart with mirth, the maiden's hand with flowers.

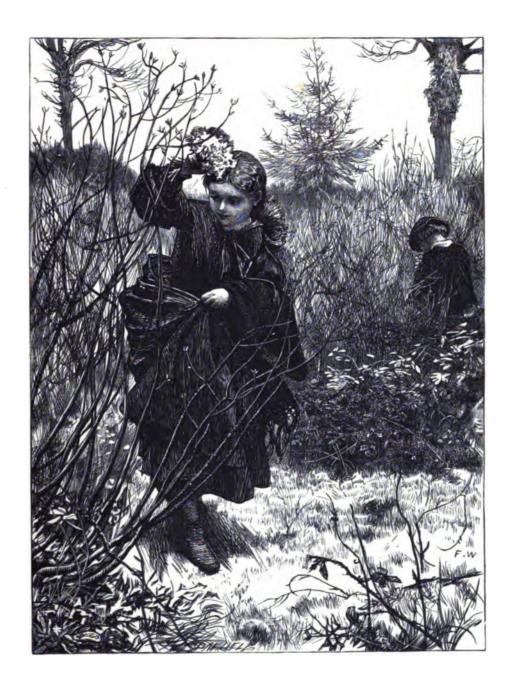
The yellow palm is waving light,

The larch is turning green,

The woodland cherry gleams in white,

As if to be their queen.

Now the blue violet, as we pass, hides deep, and does not know How sweet she is, and in the grass we find her hiding low;
The primrose blooms, the kingcup threads the meadows all with gold,
And the furze breaks like an odorous flame o'er upland waste and wold:
Oh! fair the woodlands, fair the fields, and sweet the passing hours;
Sweet to the maiden and the youth who count them all by flowers.



#### II. SUMMER DAYS.

COME, O Summer, tarrying long;
Though the woods be silent all:
Who would ask for mirth or song,
That hath felt thy blessing fall?
Bring thy murmured sounds that woo
All the heart to calm and rest;
Let thy lonely cushat coo
From her loving, grieving breast.

Let thy bee be busy still,

Let thy grasshopper be gay,
Give thy workers all their will,

Let thy happy idlers play.

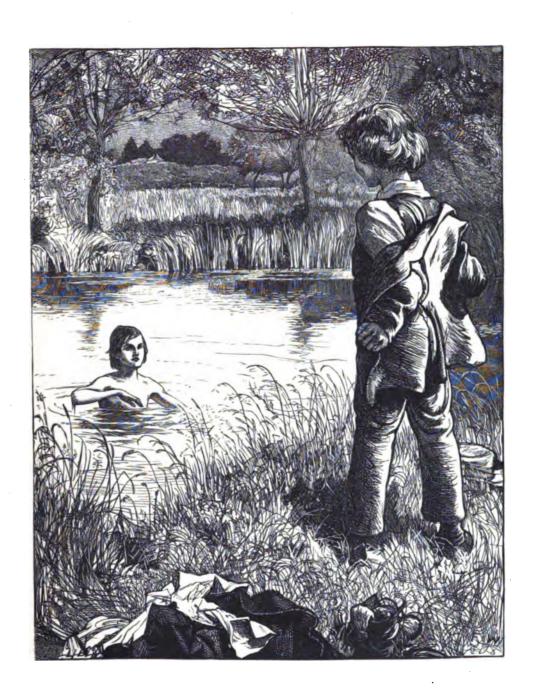
Warm beneath our feet the grass,

Warm upon our brows the air

Light the dragon-fly flits past,

And the rose is everywhere.

Oh! what hours of gladness lie
"Twixt us and the sinking sun!
Now, ye happy children, hie
To the woods till day be done;
By the brook and ferny glade
Find the place you love the best;
Play in sunshine or in shade,
Ye are safe, and warm, and blest.



#### III. AUTUMN DAYS.

How MANY wooers hath the Spring to bid her welcome free! Thou beautiful brown Autumn, then, thy praise be sung by me; Thy redd'ning leaf, thy ripened sheaf, thy russet rustling corn, The creaking of thy loaded wains, thy hunters' cheery horn.

A little child within the woods, I heard the falling cone, I sought for brambles ripe, I made the ruddy nut my own, I watched the peach's sunny cheek turn on the sunny wall, And, with no guess at Nature's laws, saw many an apple fall.

I saw thy scarlet lilies flame, I saw thy sunflowers bold Stand up to mark thy golden hours on dial-plates of gold. Oh! precious are thy glowing gifts, and bountiful and free; Thou beautiful brown Autumn, then, thy praise be sung by me.



#### IV. WINTER DAYS.

COLD, cold it is very cold!

At Christmas-time the year is old;

His pulse is faint, and his blood runs slow,

He lies like a corpse in his shroud of snow;

It was drawn round his limbs by a noiseless sprite—

He grew white with age in a single night.

Wrap him up close and cover him deep,

Nothing is left for him now but to sleep;

Nothing is left for us now but to play,—

Winter was made for a holiday!

No stir in the waters, no sound on the air;
The birds have found shelter, they only know where;
But cold is the comfort they own at the best
When the icicle hangs where the swallow found rest;
And a few of earth's wise things, when Summer was gay,
Laid by something safe for a winterly day;
But while they are sheltering, and sleeping, and hiding,
We boys are snow-balling, and skating, and sliding;
Nothing is left for us now but to play,—
Winter was made for a holiday!

DORA GREENWELL



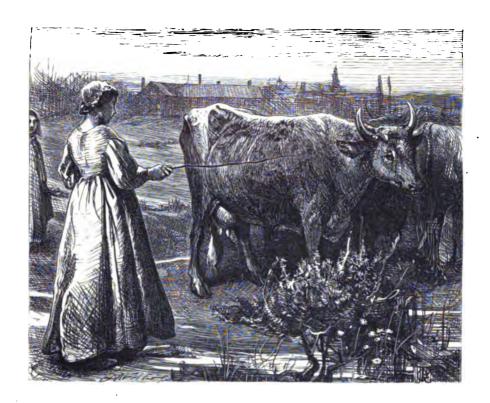
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#### A MILKING SONG.

UP, Beauty, up! come, Spot and Daisy! High holiday, in shine and shadow, All day long you have been keeping, Growing sleek, and smooth, and lazy, Feeding, sleeping, Scarcely peeping O'er the long grass of the meadow; Scarcely stirring, though the flies In a cloud about you hover; Scarcely opining your brown eyes, Though the bee is in the clover! Come, rouse and follow Through the hollow, Follow to my chanted rhyme; Up, Beauty, up! come, Spot and Daisy! Through the copse all dim and hazy, Follow-it is milking-time!

When the milking pail is brimming, And the hot day's work is done, And the reaper, swart and glowing, Homeward going, Leaves his mowing As the evening mists are dimming The last glory of the sun; I will lead you past the mill, Where the pool so sweet and still is, There to splash and drink your fill All among the water-lilies! Come, rouse and follow Through the hollow, Follow to my chanted rhyme; Up, Beauty, up! come, Spot and Daisy! Through the copse all dim and hazy, Follow-it is milking-time!

AMBLIA B. EDWARDS.





2-

#### A WALK TO AMRINGTON ON THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.)

The days of our life are threescore years and ten."

A BIRTHDAY:—and now a day that rose
With much of hope, with meaning rife—
A thoughtful day from dawn to close:
The middle day of human life.

In sloping fields on narrow plains,

The sheep were feeding on their knees.

As we went through the winding lanes,

Strewed with red buds of alder trees.

So warm the day—its influence lent
To flagging thought a stronger wing;
So utterly was Winter spent,
So sudden was the birth of Spring.

Wild crocus flowers in copse and hedge— In sunlight, clustering thick below, Sighed for the fir-wood's shaded ledge, Where sparkled yet a line of snow.

And crowded snowdrops faintly hung Their fair heads lower for the heat, While in still air all branches flung Their shadowy doubles at our feet.

And through the hedge the sunbeams crept,
Dropped through the maple and the birch;
And lost in airy distance slept
On the broad tower of Tamworth Church.

Then, lingering on the downward way,
A little space we resting stood,
To watch the golden haze that lay
Adown that river by the wood.

There are some days that die not out, Nor alter by reflection's power, Whose converse calm, whose words devout. For ever rest, the spirit's dower.

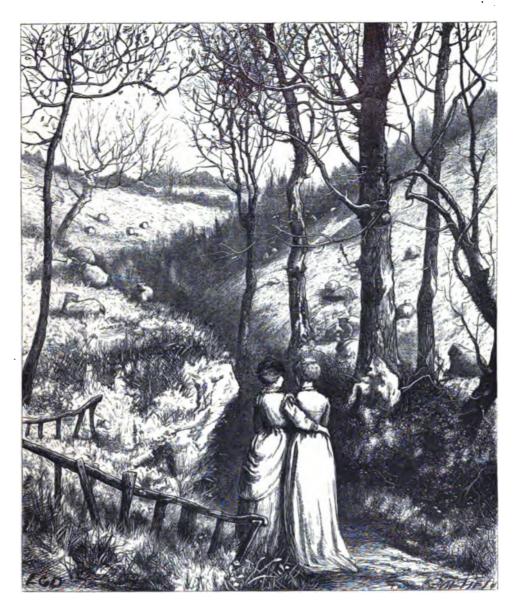
A distance vague, the bloom of sleep
The constant sun had lent the scene;
A veiling charm on dingles deep
Lay soft those pastoral hills between.

And they are days when drops a veil—
A mist upon the distance past;
And while we say to peace, "All hail!"
We hope that always it shall last.

Times when the troubles of the heart

Are hushed—as winds were hushed that day—
And budding hopes begin to start,

Like those green hedgerows on our way.



When all within and all around,

Like hues on that sweet landscape
blend,

And Nature's hand has made to sound

The heart-strings that her touch attend.

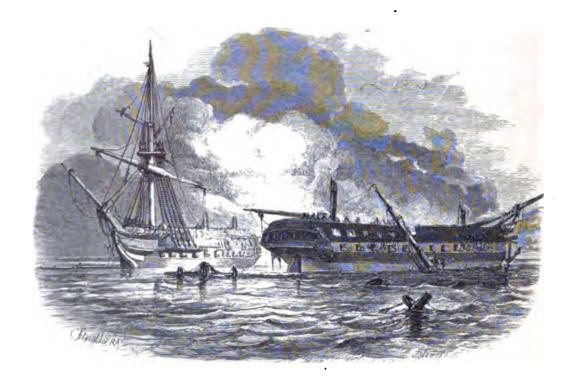
When there are rays within, like those

That streamed through maple and through birch,

And rested in such calm repose

On the broad tower of Tamworth Church.

JEAN INGELOW.



# A SEA PICTURE.

Two graceful ships are tilting on the sea,

Each, swan-like, spreading out its plumage fair

To the fresh breathings of the Summer air:

Twin-shaped are they, as they twin-born might be,

And fain would greet in sister amity:

But no! for angry parle the twain prepare;

And sorrow on the heart's ambitious care,

That forms so beauteous should so ill agree!

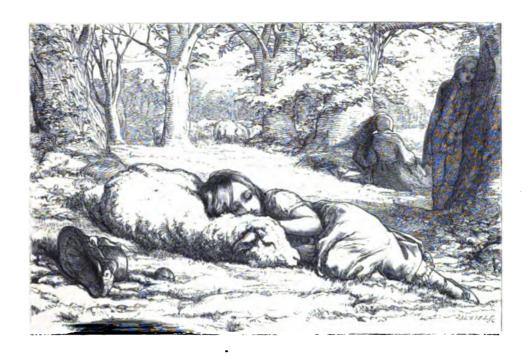
The onset cheer is given—the thunderous gun

Shatters—till now, the fierce and boarding brand

Rings as it flashes!—side by side they stand

Two hulks all black and bare—the fight is done!

T. J. JUDKIN.



# HAPPY REPOSE.

My child was sleeping in the bright noonday,
And close beside her on the selfsame bed
Of silken grass with flowers embroideréd,
A milk-white lamb in gentle slumber lay;
As if the twain had been o'ertired with play,
And now took rest together—nor (chance-led
Before them) till a Father's love be dead,
Shall that fair sight from memory pass away:
Sweet 'lambs, said I, are verily ye two!
Alike untouched by care, from sorrow free,
Beguiling time with gambols ever new,
And finding loving hearts in all who see—
Sleep on in peace! as so might thousands do,
Had such your innocence and purity.

T. J. JUDKIN.

## THE VISIONS OF A CITY TREE.

The city roars around my feet
In squares, and lanes, and alleys,
On every side my trunk a street—
So different from the valleys
Where, through the alders bathed in green,
The streamlet's sunny lights are seen.

The men look up and think that I
Lend sweetness to their riches:
I'd rather let my branches lie
O'er limpid country ditches,
Where the blue speedwells softly blow
To grace the rivulet below.

I weary of their fight for gold,
Their ceaseless toil and hurry:
Alas! my topmost twigs behold
The emerald hills of Surrey,
And I would fain be there to see
The sun chase shadows on the lea.

From morn till night the city hums
With din of wheel and hammer,
And shriek of railway whistle comes
To pierce the giant clamour.
And ever on and on they flow—
Those eager, eddying crowds below.

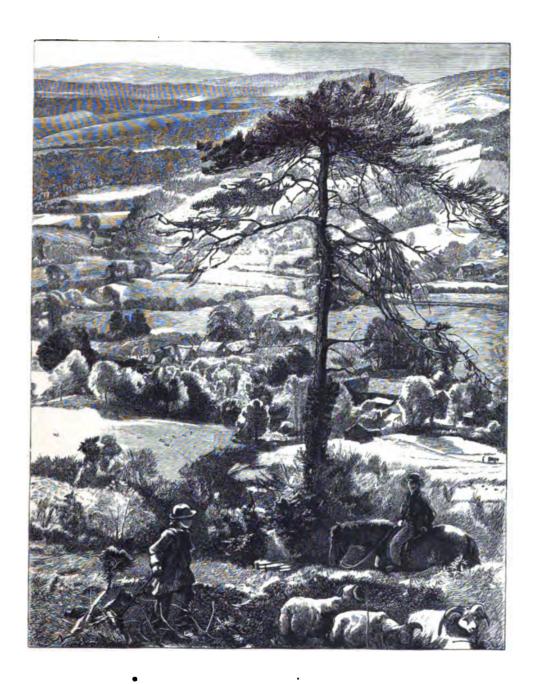
But in the night-time I am blessed
With many a lovelier vision
Than ever soothed a maiden's rest
With dreams of lands Elysian:
Lo, pale Capella and red Mars
Crown me with diadem of stars!

I watch the sunset's latest dart
Pale in the clear, cool even,
Till the white moon becomes the heart
Of the violet of heaven;
And then I watch this glorious flower
Grow lovelier through each silent hour.

And yet I would not leave the town,
Men look on me so kindly!

Sometimes I think that far, far down
Within their hearts, they blindly
Bestow unconscious thanks on me,
And bless the green of the old tree!

And so I am content to wait
Within this toil and hurry;
Perhaps I am of better estate
Than my brethren down in Surrey:
Men love me that my branches bright
Touch the dull town with country light.



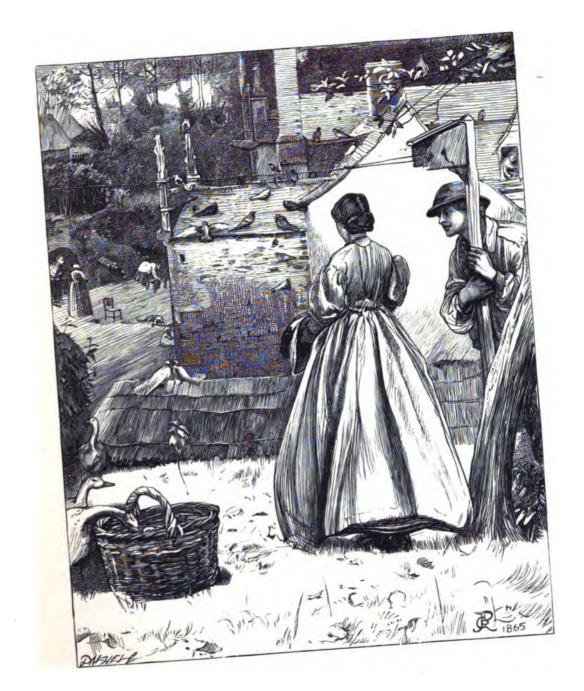
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## BY THE DOVE-COT.

THE place around her is enchanted; Sweetly she pauses, troubled, haunted, For all the air seems full of love,—Music of billing and of cooing, Music of little winged things wooing Around her, under, and above.

With rosy ears and tingling fingers,
Like Venus 'mid her doves she lingers,
Her bosom rich with honied things;
The gladness round her has no measure.
The warm air palpitates for pleasure,
Troubled by white and waving wings.

What fitter time to creep and woo her,
When light and sound and love thrill through her.
Stirring her gentle blood like wine?
All gentle things that round her hover
Conspire, O happy, happy lover,
To honey her sweet mouth for thine.





#### BEATEN.

Он, my daughter, little daughter, life is over with me now, All within my heart is heavy, and the death-sweat clouds my brow: I have waited, watched, and hungered, striven, prayed;—but all in vain, And the little hope within me dies to never rise again.

Beaten, spent, and overweighted in the ceaseless toil and strife, Break, strong heart; thy fellows press thee, pass thee in the race for life: Black against the landskip lurid rise the buildings of the town,—
There the workers throng and struggle, hurry up and hurry down.

Let them win! I will not hate them: bless them with my dying breath. Not to me to gain the race, although I strove unto the death.

Gold is curs'd, and so is want; to him who lost, or, striving, won,

Come the trials and temptations: praised be God that mine are done.

But for you, my little daughter, but for you my heart is sore; Yet for you is bless'd the future, I foresee like seer of yore. Close these eyes, poor child, I'm weary: smile upon me; fain I'd sleep That long sleep that knows no waking, still as happy, calm as deep.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."



## AFLOAT ON THE STREAM.

١.

The town upon the river-side,
Wherein my love and I abide,
Keeps many a hungry home:
Beyond those clouds the ocean's lips
Are shady with the white-winged ships,
And bright with flying foam.

Here the black barges darken down
Into the suburb, where the town
Begins with lane and street;
Here are few flowers save human ones,
That blossom sickly; slowly runs
The river at their feet.

Here, where the darkened sunlights fall On haggard wives and children small, The river singing flows, And, sometimes brightening unaware, Flashing its silver in the air, It broadens as it goes.

And oft we launch our little boat,
And sweetly, quietly we float
Toward the gates of morn;
Away from city, smoke, and sin,
Unto the solitude wherein
The happy stream is born.

## AFLOAT ON THE STREAM.

II.

HITHER the sunshine cometh not,
But leafy branches shade the spot
Where sleeps the baby stream;
And here with folded wings Love lies,—
We feel his breathing, and our eyes
Meet in a happy dream.

There, looking down upon its face, We watch the water in the place
From whence it singing flows,
And picture sweetly, while we rest,
A little Naiad in a nest,
Where the wild lily blows.

Yonder there spreads the harvest scene,
The slanted sheaves, where gleaners glean
And haymakers carouse:
Here, floating, dreaming, at our will,
We hear the water, feel the still
Eye-music of green boughs.



And all around are glimpses sweet
Of sunny slopes where white flocks bleat;
Of many a quiet glade,
Where all is coolness, though above
The sunlight faints on clouds, that move
Slowly, and cast no shade.



#### AFLOAT ON THE STREAM.

III.

Downward at eventide go we:
The river, broadening to the sea,
Sighs as we sit and muse;
The flitter-mice around us cry,
And far away the sunset sky
Takes melancholy hues.

Past little villages we go,
With quaint old gable-ends that glow
Still in the sunset's fire;
And gliding through the shadows still,
Oft notice, with a lover's thrill,
The peeping of a spire.

Then silent in our little boat,
With downward-drooping eyes we float:
All human joy and grief
Are hushed around us at this hour;
The silence flutters like a flower,
And closes leaf by leaf.

The heart beats quick, the bosom sighs;
Westward we gaze, and in our eyes
More pensive love-thoughts dawn;
For, from the amber sky afar,
The twilight of the lover's star
Is delicately drawn.



# BROTHERS.

LITTLE DAY and I !—I, dimmed with tears, My face a cloud, as child's sorrow sears; Day, quenching smiles, hushing busy glee, To mirror back my grief in sympathy.

Pretty little Day! Bright household sun! Chaining all hearts, linking all to one! Lips babbling love, tender arms to twine, Pitiful of sadness, joy must outshine!

Loving little Day! Our baby-king! Treachery to whom no pardoning! Kisses his sceptre, glad knees his throne, Reigning by baby-witchery alone!

Coaxing little Day! Our darling still! Winning his graver, as his baby-will! Wielding prerogative rarely bright, Out-quenching far hereditary right!

Happy little Day! No tyrant he, Needful of laws to gird high fealty! Ceaseless his monarchy, fixed his sway; Day rules by Love,—and Love will reign alway!

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.



### SCHOOL,

I SAUNTERED where the town and country meet, Where Art and Nature battle for the street. Where, ere the stones had vanished from my foot, The grass laughed up at me a gay salute. In leafy contiguity I heard The mellow note of some love-brooding bird; And nearer still I heard a droning noise Come from a hive of bees or school of boys. But which I could not tell, until my eye Lighted upon a porch, as butterfly Lights on a kingdom of all-mingled bloom. Wherein the flowers breathe out their beauteous doom. And fill the air with souls. To that flower-cell I leaned my ear, as to a humming shell, And heard the moan as of a fairy sea Far in the dim domain of mystery. Then growing bolder, I advanced a pace Into the trellised porch, and saw the place; And, lo! as I do live, a little school, Wherein an easy dame kept easy rule, And learned, as well as taught, the way to know. About her sat, but in no formal row, Her little students, serious, but unfrightened. Surely, I thought, this is a school enlightened, Where neither word of wrath nor lash descends To harden knowledge unto hateful ends; Where rule is quietly taught and quickly learned,— Things apprehended, if not quite discerned; And where bright youth is lifted to a height From which he sees each glorious height on height-Those starry souls by whose effulgent breath The world is snatched from chaos, man from death.

A pleasant school—a pleasant sight for eye
That loveth spots where nothing seems to die;
Where winds are soft, flowers sweetly bloom, and man
Fits like a star into dear Nature's plan,
And wins by truth and unreposing duty
The throne of wisdom and the crown of beauty.



#### EVENTIDE.

The sombre boughs are hushed at eventide;
The sinking sun streams red through dusky bars;
On sluggish wing the slow rooks homeward slide;
Earth gathers silence 'neath the gathering stars—
Heaven's vigil, myriad-eyed!

Quiet and dark as death grow wood and heath—
Quiet and dark and very full of peace;
Save for a waterfall, which, far beneath,
Sobs in the deepening gloom, and will not cease,
With willows for its wreath.

But sorrow wakens as the twilight fades:

The nightingale will soon her grief renew,

Companioned of sigh-echoes down the glades;

The flowers ere long will bathe in tears of dew,

And glisten in the shades.

For lo! beneath the line the broad orb dips;
A tremulous darkness deepens overhead;
Nature perceives her golden lord's eclipse:
The woods are mourning for the monarch dead—
Their fingers at their lips.

The solemn sky is tapestried for woe,

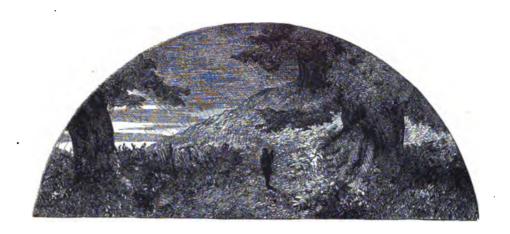
A purple pall with golden fringes decked:

The winds, wild-wailing, wander to and fro:—

And thus it is that those whose hopes are wrecked,

O Evening, love thee so!

Том Ноор.





### THE HOME POND.

DIDST never hear, Raph? Hey, I wonder that should be, Many a day and night the Hall-folk told it me;
This was her tryst,—together,—sweethearts, as we say——
"As thee and me, lass, loikely?" As we, laddie! Nay!

She was rare pretty; not carrying stately-wise,
But pranksomely, bonnie, wi' frolic-peering eyes:
He was her pair,—the two handsomer than the day——
"Loike thee and me, lass, maybe?" Like thee, Raph, lad! Nay:

They trysted-like constant. He cleping his far call, She, listing all-hankering, skeering from the Hall

To bide here his coming, to sport, and hie away——

"As thee wi' me, loikely, lass?" Tut, laddie! Me! Nay!

She never hinder'd; and forbye she sped so true

And gleeful, he jested her; priding he could woo

So sure-like,—priding she, so wistly to obey——

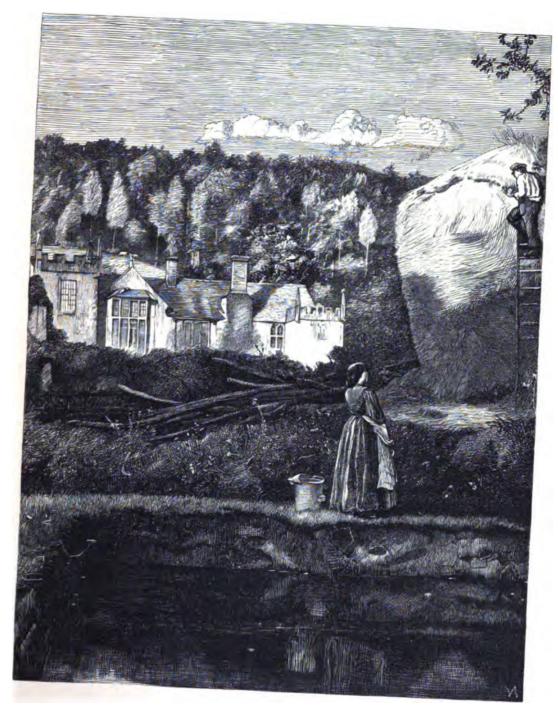
"Teasing, lass, loikely? As I thee?" Tush! Thee, Raph? Nay!

He wended by next morn; piping his hoot, low clear; Leaping his heart, gladdest, foreknowing she would hear: No whimsey echoing—no tripping foot his way— Down by the sedge and ooze, white-clad and stiff, she lay.

Help: From the Hall! Help! And so frenzy-pitch'd his cry, Folk from the house and meadows clamber'd breath-spent nigh; Tricking, she up'd and becked him, sprightly, and frisk, and gay——"Not dead then, lass, haply?" Dead, laddie, dead? Nay! Nay!

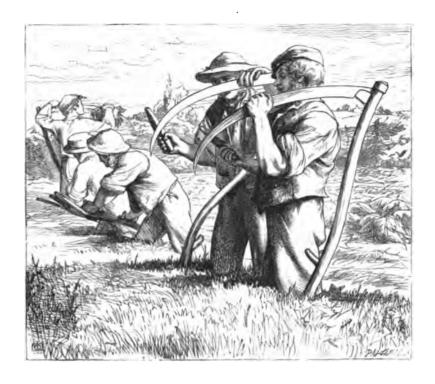
Just jesting! To prove which would he—She fond, or gone? She must be one! And straight, in face of all that morn, She kiss'd him, gladding:—so Squire bid her take her way And wed——"As thou me, lass?" Well,—mayhap,—Raph:—Some day!

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.



### AMONGST THE MOWERS.

WHEN in the yet green corn the charlock flower Flames yellow; when the lark above it sings In the blue heavens, and weeder-women start His brooding mate below, and on their spuds Leaning, admire her nest and dusky eggs; When from the hedge the wild rose and the woodbine Shed beauty and sweetness; when the fanning air Breathes on the cheek the spirit of the fields, All livingly mosaicked with their flowers-Clover and golden lotus, plantain, and stars Of many names and dyes: then, young and old, Forth comes the mower-band, and the scythe rings Summer's first notes upon the sharpening stone. Forth come they from their cots and gardens trim, But oftener from the wretched undrained hut, Squalid with want, and swarming with young boors, Who, after them, shall labour and feel sad. Forth come they with their kegs and homely meals Wrapt in old kerchiefs; forth they come to toil, As though it were to some great holiday; For all around is glad: Nature is glad: The cuckoo's shout, the cawing of young rooks, Fed in the hedgerow trees, and starling broods, Making the copses one wide noisy "chirr," Tell them 't is God's great Summer festival-And so they take it, but in serious mood.



What ails them? Ah! in years of pleasant youth I spent glad days amongst them; sat with them, And heard the stories of the times gone by, Deep-hidden griefs and tender memories; And never do I see those rustic bands, Nor hear the sweeping music of their blades, But the deep presence of the human heart Salutes me, and old memories sad and glad.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

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## THE SHADOW.

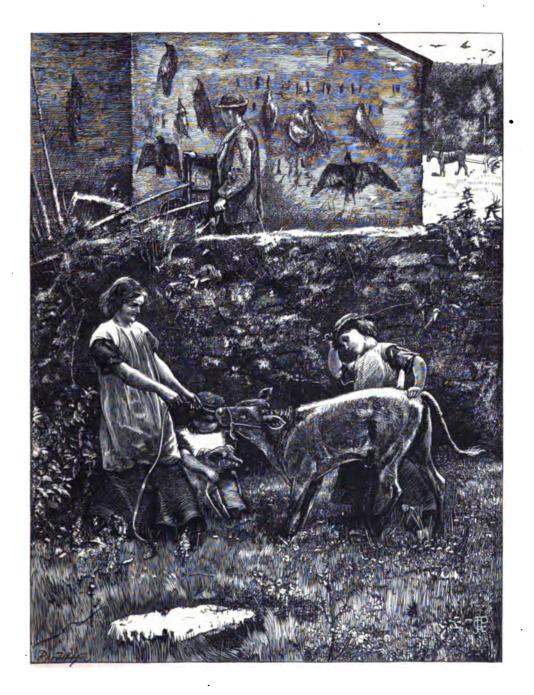
### A BOY'S THOUGHT. .

OH, Willow Farm looks fine
In the happy Summer days,
And the green trees all around
Look golden in the haze;
The birds sing everywhere,
And the flowers bloom once again,
And there's sweetness in the air,—
But there's bitterness with men.

The Farm looks snug and old,
But the slain birds on the wall,
And the cruel men who kill,
Make me angry with it all;
The cows upon the mead
Would be pleasant to mine eye.
But I sicken, as they lead
The little calf to die.

There's something in it all
That seems to spoil my joy,
I feel my heart grow chill,
Though I am but a boy:
The world looks full of song,
Of sweetness, once again,
But somehow all seems wrong
Through the cruelty of men.

Why should the singing birds
Fall by the fowler's gun?
Why should the young lambs die,
When life has just begun?
Oh, all the world I see
Would be tresh and free and fair.
Did not men's emeltic
Put a shadow everywhere:



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### AN ASPIRATION.

I ASKED Miss Di, who loves her sheep,
To look at this delightful Peep
Of April leafage, pure and beamy—
A pair of girls, in hoops and nets,
Caress a pair of woolly pets—
And all is young, and nice, and dreamy.

Miss Di has kindly eyes for all
That's pretty, quaint, and pastoral:
Says she—"These ladies sentimental
Are lucky, in this world of shams,
To find a pair of luckless lambs,
So white—and so extremely gentle."

I heard her with surprise and doubt;

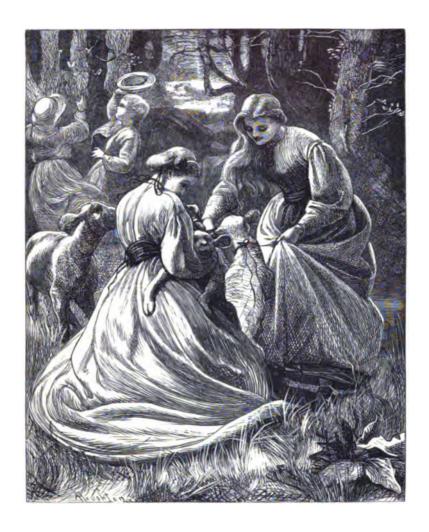
For though I don't much care about

The world she spoke with such disdain of;

And though the lamb I mostly see

Is overdone—it seemed to me

That these had little to complain of.



When Beings of the fairer sex

Arrange their white arms round our necks,

We are, and ought to be, enraptured:

I wish I was your lamb, Miss Di,

Or even that poor butterfly,

With some small hope of being captured.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

### AT THE THRESHOLD.

I.

Av! there is Silly Nanny with the child!

And here am I, a-chopping wood, you see!—
For Tom has got the fit, and drinking wild—
We've a hard pull to manage such as he!
Drink makes him mad, and he will have his way;
I wouldn't be the one to speak him nay;
But, Lord! his heart is right, his love is tried,
And we've a trick that serves our purpose best—
I chop the sticks, and make a bright fireside,
And Nanny, though she's witless, does the rest!

II.

For though he'd frown on me when he's in drink,

His girl can manage him and bring him round:

Though she's no brains to use, no head to think,

Though Nature stinted her, her heart is sound.

Well, father sees her moving 'bout the place

With kindly ways and tender quiet face,

And thinks, I know, how Nature has denied

His Nanny wits, but made her all good-will,—

Then his eyes fall upon the bright fireside,

And he feels shamed to use his brains so ill!

III.

He thinks,—how witless ones are good and kind,
How even silly beasts have gentle ways,
And all the while the fire-light fills his mind
With homely thoughts of cozier, brighter days;
And by the time I bring his cup o' tea,
The drink is conquer'd, he has warm'd to me!
His eyes grow dim, he holds his arms out wide,
Poor Nanny brings the baby to his breast!—
Ay! there's our plan! Make up a bright fireside,
And leave a man's own love to do the rest!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



### HOPE.

FLY, Hope, and do not linger on the wing!

Fly to the lover, cloudy with his woe:

Dawn on him like a tender morn of Spring,

And let him hear thy cheering streamlets flow;

Uplift the shadowy curtain from his eye,

And show him where thy starry kingdoms lie.

Fly, Hope, unto the maiden, blind with tears
For one beloved but no longer true:
Give her the silent valour of the years,
Whose rectitude no falsehood can undo;
Give her the Bridegroom of that gracious clime
Which knows not change of love nor lapse of time.

Fly, Hope, unto the student, poor and pale:
Warm the cold squalor of his little room;
Goad him to glory; yet, if he must fail,
Content him with the wretched-righteous doom;
If foes belie him, or false friendship frown,
Give him the power to live the liars down.

Fly, Hope, to stony pillows, where the poor
Groan out their lives on scant parochial cheer:
Send them a dream that they may half endure
Their one last horror of a pauper's bier;
Lay thy soft fingers on their hollow eyes,
And mix thy balm with their departing sighs.

Fly, Hope, unto the husbandman: make morn
Cheer his sad fancy as he jogs a-field;
Glance from the heavens a glory on the corn,
That he may think whence comes the goodliest yield;
Give him the thinking soul and seeing eye,
To find the Edens where true harvests lie.

### HOPE.

Fly, Hope, to voyagers on far-off seas,

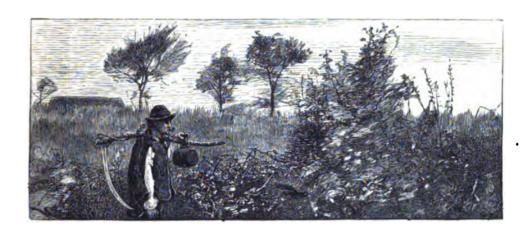
Dashed by the storm or idling in the calm:

Soothe the rough billows, raise the lingering breeze;

Flood their keen memories with the home-breathed psalm;

Tickle their palms, as if a baby's hand

Were stretched to them from out their native land.



Fly, Hope, to wrinkled Ninety with his staff;
And, if you can no more prolong his days,
Straighten his limbs in fancy; let him quaff
The cup that kindles Heaven's immortal blaze—
That other morn, the dawn on death's sweet night,
Sunned with all visions of celestial light.



# THE PILOT BOAT.

## I. EVENING.

THERE'S a schooner in the bay
With a signal at her fore,
And I hear the Pilot say,
"Though a squall may come to-night,
We shall get on board all right,
And the tide begins to flow at break of day.
Shove her off, my lad!" cries he,
"We've a craft that's fit for sea."
And the ripples on the shore
Murmur softly as they run
Through the crimson evening light,
While the Father and the Son
Sail away.



# THE PILOT BOAT.

# II. NIGHT.

When the cliff and wave grow dark,
In a cottage by the strand
See a glimmering taper-spark,
Where the Pilot's Wife is sewing,
With her children all asleep;
But in gloomy heav'n above no star is showing.
Ha! the lightning, and a crash
Like the dawnfall of the skies,—
Rushing rain, roaring deep,
Sudden gale with fury blowing.
Out of nothing at each flash
Leap the dreadful sea and land.
Was that wind she heard? or,— hark!
Shouts and cries?



## THE PILOT BOAT.

### III. MORNING.

"T is a morn remorseful, pale,
For the frenzy overpast;
With a sullen sinking gale,
Flying clouds, torn and shattered,
And a dismal gleam of day among them cast.
On the rough perturbéd ocean
Rolls a ship in helpless motion;
She has neither sail nor mast.
On the waif-strewn beach, a boat
Lies keel upwards, bruised and battered;
And the Son and Father,—these
Shall no more on earthly seas
Ever float.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



## AN EVENING IN AUTUMN.

This eve bears promise of a beauteous night,
Come, Annie, if thy humour so incline,
We'll sit awhile beneath yon sycamine,
And see the rooks come home with silent flight:
The sun's a-bed, though still his curtain-light
Lingers in that long slip of crimson shine:—
'T is lost—and one by one the stars divine
Through their blue windows peep, as if the sight
Might gladden them of this round earth below:
And look how fair in her crystálline shell
Rides forth the moon! But, Annie, weak art thou,
And the night air blows shrewdly up the dell—
Thy wimple tied—home to our babe we'll go;
Good night, sweet stars, and blesséd moon, farewell!

T. J. JUDKIN.

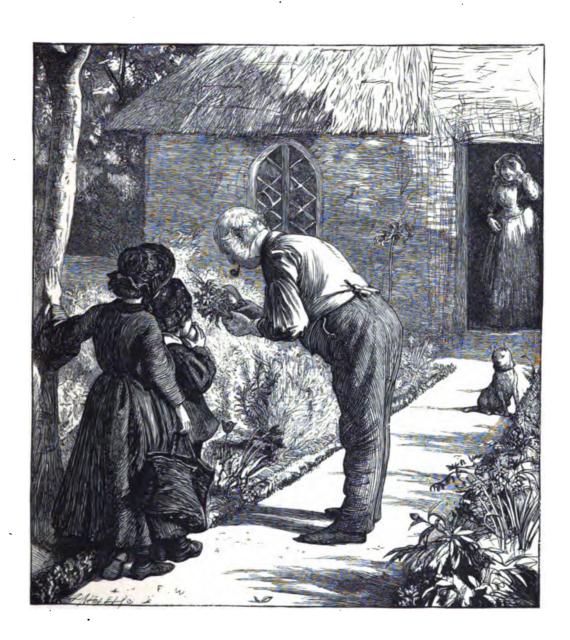
### THE BIT O' GARDEN.

The bit o' garden's tidier now than ever 't was before;
The fruit trees trim, and all in bloom, and roses at the door,
Ay, all looks sweet—'t is Summer-time—the garden plots are bright,
And my old man is busy there from morning until night;
Yet here, indoors, 't is weary now, and all for Lizzie's sake,—
But for the bit o' garden ground, my old man's heart would break.

For Lizzie was his darling pride, the treasure of his life: "T was even pain to think our girl might leave to be a wife; And now, though even that was sad, 't is bitterer, sorer pain To think she should be here and know we cannot part again; And then to think the bitterest sound at our fireside should be The crying of the little one upon our daughter's knee!

Oh! weary was the waiting while our daughter was away;
The bit o' garden ground ran wild; we listened night and day;
And then that night when all the town was lying in its rest,
We saw her standing at the door, her baby at her breast,
And my old man leapt up, and cried, and kissed her on the cheek,
And the kiss was bitterer to bear than words the tongue can speak!

And all the shame is put away: there's peace upon her face;
But though we love to hear her laugh, the laugh seems out o' place:
She is the dearest daughter still that ever father had,
But there is quiet in the house, and, somehow, all seems sad,—
'T is weary now with over-love, and all for Lizzie's sake:
But for the bit o' garden ground, my old man's heart would break!



## A FROSTY DAY.

GRASS afield wears silver thatch,
Palings all are edged with rime,
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime

When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystalled hoar,
And the red leaf nailed a-ground.

When the fieldfare's flight is slow, And a rosy vapour rim, Now the sun is small and low, Belts along the region dim.

When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
Deeper than the evening daws,
Clearer than the village clock.

When the rusty blackbird strips,

Bunch by bunch, the coral thorn,
And the pale day-crescent dips

New to heaven a slender horn.

J. LRICESTER WARREN.



# AN ENGLISH DRAWING-ROOM.

1865.

SHE came amongst us from the South,
And made the North her home awhile;
Our dimness brightened in her smile,
Our tongue grew sweeter in her mouth.

We chilled beside her liberal glow,

She dwarfed us by her ampler scale,

Her full-blown blossom made us pale,

She Summer-like and we like snow.

We Englishwomen, trim, correct,
All minted in the selfsame mould,
Warm-hearted, but of semblance cold,
All-courteous out of self-respect;

She woman in her natural grace,

Less trammelled she by lore of school,

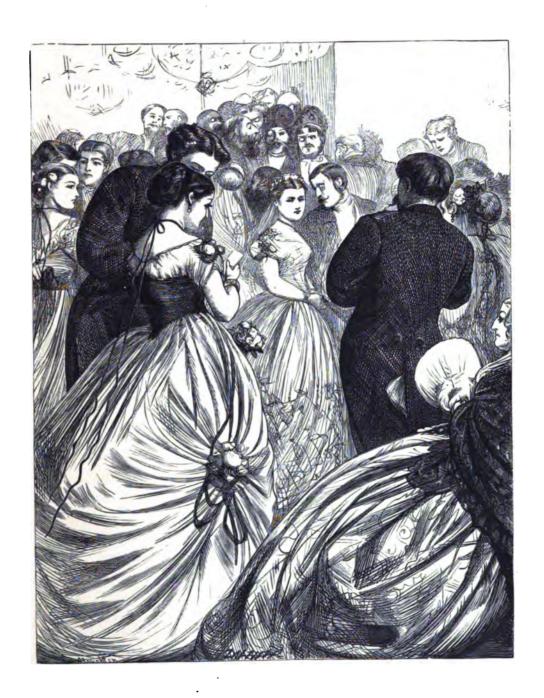
Courteous by nature, not by rule,

Warm-hearted and of cordial face.

So for awhile she made her home Amongst us in the rigid North, She who from Italy came forth, And scaled the Alps and crossed the foam.

But if she found us like our sea,
Of aspect colourless and chill,
Rock-girt; like it, she found us still
Deep at our deepest, strong and free.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTL



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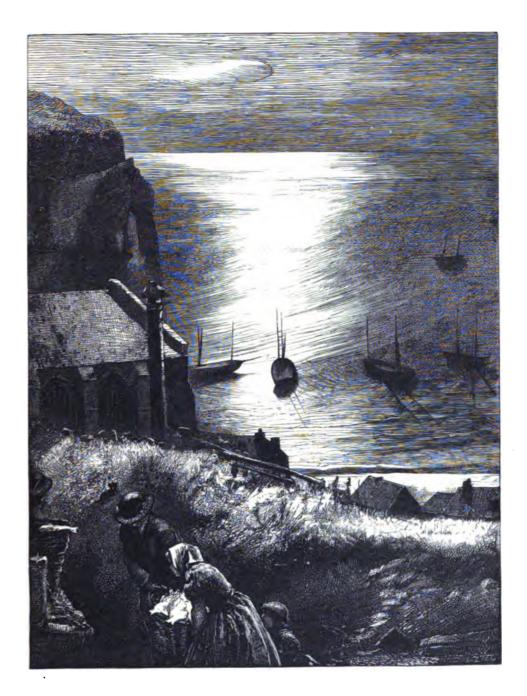
### ON THE SHORE.

Wherefore so cold, O day,
That gleamest far away
O'er the dim line where mingle heaven and ocean,
While fishing-boats lie nestled in the grey,
And the small wave gleams in its shoreward motion?
Wherefore so cold, so cold?
Oh, say, dost thou behold
A face o'er which the rock-weed droopeth sobbing,
A face just stirréd in a sea-cave old
By the green water's throbbing?

Wherefore, O fisherman,
So full of care and wan,
This weary, weary morning shoreward flying,
While, stooping downward darkly, dost thou scan
That which below thee in thy boat is lying?
Wherefore so full of care?
What dost thou shoreward bear,
Caught in thy net's moist meshes, as a token?
Ah, can it be the ring of golden hair
Whereby my heart is broken?

Wherefore so still, O sea,
That washest wearilie

Under the lamp lit in the fisher's dwelling,
Holding the secret of thy deeps from me,
Whose heart would break so sharply at the telling?
Wherefore so still, so still?
Say, in thy sea-cave chill,
Floats she forlorn with foam-bells round her breaking,
While the wet fisher lands and climbs the hill
To hungry babes awaking?





# SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

A SILENT, rosy light, a gleam;
Not sudden, yet not slow;
Drives Night away, and breaks her dream,
And sets the clouds a-glow:
A sun-burst from the opal clouds,
A bright but slanting beam,
Next gives long shadows to the grass
And rose-tints to the stream.

Thus day begins; the bridegroom sun Shines out above the river— A little infant welling brook, Near which the aspens shiver;

### SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

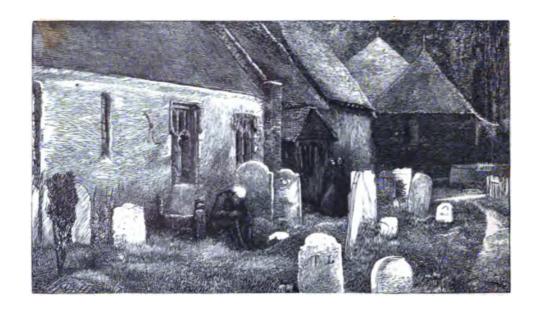
A youngling stream a child might leap; While o'er its grassy edges Peep out the blue forget-me-nots, Thin rushes, and wild sedges.

But as the sun grows up in strength,
So hurries on the stream;
Past fields of golden grain, deep pools
Where great fish dart and gleam,
Past villages where calmly sits
The fisher 'neath the willows;
And past a mighty town where ships
Lie rocking on its billows.

Until at last the sun goes down,
And tints the sky again
With solemn purple hues, as if
A great king died in pain:
A rocky coast—a sea where ships
Glide on in solemn motion:
The day hath joined Eternity;
The stream th' Eternal Ocean.

HAIN FRISWELL.





# THE SWALLOWS.

ı.

O CHURCHYARD in the shady gloom,
What charm to please hast thou,
That, seated on a broken tomb,
I muse so oft as now?
The dreary autumn woodland whispers nigh,
And in the distant lanes the village urchins cry.

Thou holdest in thy sunless land

Nought I have seen or known,

No lips I ever kissed, no hand

That ever clasped mine own;

And all is still and dreary to the eye,—

The broken tombs, dark walls, the patch of cloudy sky.

And to the murmur that mine ears

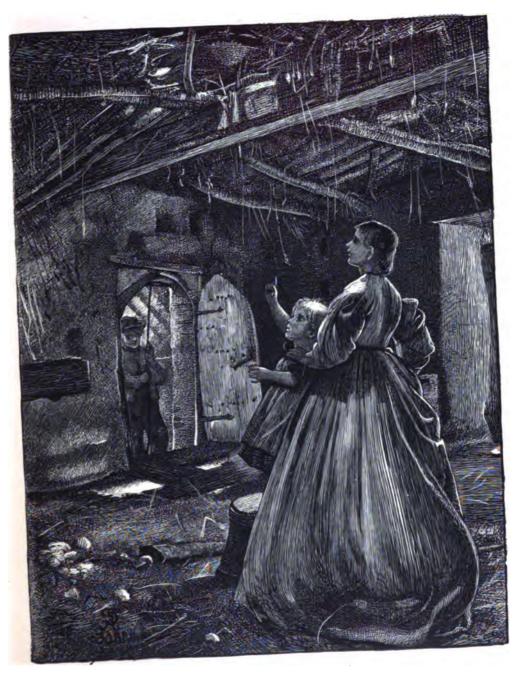
Catch from the distant lanes,

Dimming mine eyes with dreamy tears,

Slow, low, my heart refrains,

And the live grass creeps up from thy dead bones,

And crawls, with slimy stains, over thy grey grave-stones.



#### THE SWALLOWS.

The cries keep on, the minutes pass,
Mine eyes are on the ground,
The silent many-fingered grass
Winds round, and round, and round:
I seem to see it live, and stir, and wind,
And gaze until a weight is heavy on my mind.

### THE SWALLOWS.

II.

O CHURCHYARD in the shady gloom,
What charm to please hast thou,
That, seated on a broken tomb,
I muse so oft as now?
Haply because I learn, with sad content,
How small a thing can make the whole world different!

Among thy grave-stones worn and old,

A sad sweet hour I pass,

Where thickest from thy sunless mould

Upsprings the sickly grass;

For, though the earth holds no sweet-smelling flower,

The swallows build their nests up in thy square grey tower.

While, burthened by the life we bear,

The dull and creeping woe,

The mystery, the pain, the care,

I watch thy grasses grow,

Sighing, I look to the dull Autumn skies,

And, lo! my heart is cheered, and tears are in mine eyes.

For here, where stillness, death, and dream,
Brood over creeping things,
Over mine eyes with quick bright gleam
Shine little flashing wings,
And a strange wonder takes thy shady air,
And the deep life I breathe seems sweetened unaware!



# BY THE SEA.

Why does the sea moan evermore?

Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
It frets against the boundary shore;
All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness

Lie hid on its unlooked-on bed:

Anemones, salt, passionless,

Blow flower-like; just enough alive

To blow, and propagate, and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike, Encrusted live things Argus-eyed, All fair alike, yet all unlike, Are born without a pang, and die Without a pang, and so pass by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

# A LIFE IN A DAY.

## I. THE LANE. (MORNING.)

Your mother cried, "We'll all be late!"

That Summer Sunday morning,

And it is true you made us wait

Awhile with your adorning.

How fresh your Sunday ribbons were!

How smooth your gown, how bright your hair!

That Summer Sunday morning.

Your father on before us went,

He heard the bells, he would not wait:
Your mother followed—well content;
I leant upon the garden gate.
You came, your little sister's hand
In yours; I saw you shyly stand,
That Summer Sunday morning.

And as we walked the world was fair,

The world was gay, the world was sweet;

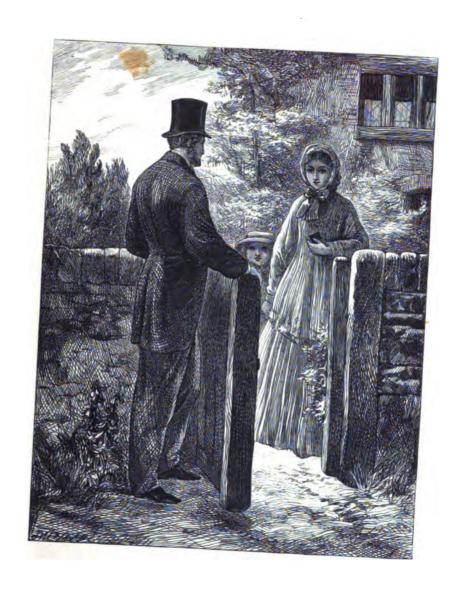
A weight of bliss was on the air,

A weight was on our loitering feet.

Your mother turned her head, and cried,

"We'll all be late!" but did not chide,

That Summer Sunday morning.



## A LIFE IN A DAY.

## II. THE BRIDGE, (NOON.)

We lingered on the rustic bridge;
We saw the pebbles in the stream
Below us, clear in amber light
Of noon-day, flash and gleam.
Afar, the yellow flag-flowers caught
A glory from the flitting beam,
And all was still and fair, methought,
And golden, as a dream.

Oh! might this hour not pass away!
Oh! were it given to us, not lent!
And might we, framed within it, stay,
A breathing picture of content!
And hear the babbling waters run,
And hear the distant stock-dove coo,
And dream that in the world were none
But only I and you!



### A LIFE IN A DAY.

# III. THE GATE. (EVENING.)

We stood a moment at the gate,

Her father stood beside the door:

He thought we should have come before,

And we had made his supper wait.

Just at that moment rose the moon:

I heard her mother say, "You're late."

But oh! I thought we came too soon.

We went within: my words were few,

Her looks, I thought, were cold and shy;

How little like the talk we knew

Beneath the open sky!

And yet I did not wish to go:

Her mother said their clock was slow;

I thought it struck too soon.

We stood together at the gate
A little while, good night to say.
She whispered softly, "It is late;"
But all my heart said, "Stay."
A little cloud across the moon
Sailed softly, passing on its way;
I thought it passed too soon.

DORA GREENWELL.



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## THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

When I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossom falter down, I think, "Alas the day!"
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendour
That the years unborn would render—
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming;
April's here and Summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy;
Think on us in alleys shady
When you step a graceful lady;
For no tairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisping waters,
Lull our downy sons and daughters,
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy.
When they wake we'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry, little girl and boy!'"

JEAN INCELOW



## AT THE GRINDSTONE;

OR, A HOME VIEW OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

GRIND, Billie, grind! And so the war's begun?

Flash, bayonets! cannons, call! dash down their pride!

If I was younger, I would grip a gun,

And die a-field, as better men have died:

I'd face three Frenchmen, lad, and feel no fear,

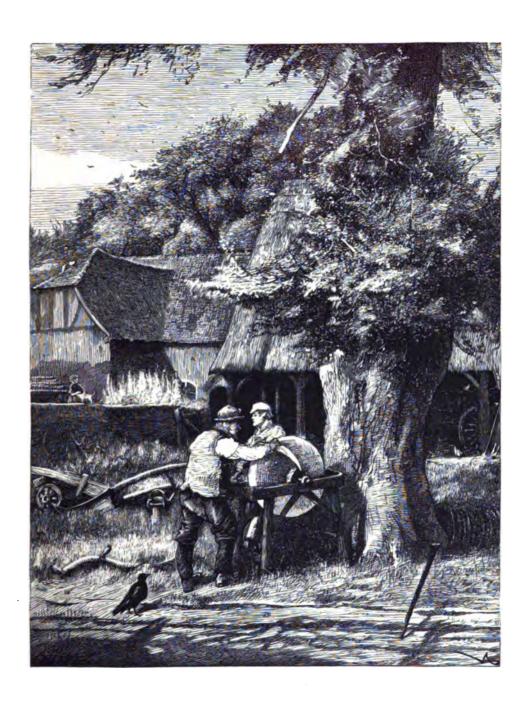
With this old knife that we are grinding here!

Why, I'm a kind of radical, and saw
Some fighting in the riots long ago;
But, Lord! am I the sort of chap to draw
A sword against old Mother England? No!
England for me, with all her errors, still—
I hate them foreigners, and always will!

There was our Johnnie, now!—as kind a lad
As ever grew in England; fresh and fair!
To see him in his regimentals clad,
With honest rosy cheeks and yellow hair,
Was something, Billie, worthy to be seen;
But Johnnie's gone—murdered at seventeen!

None of your fighting sort, but mild and shy, Soft-hearted, full of wench-like tenderness, Without the heart, indeed, to hurt a fly; But fond, you see, of music and of dress: We could not hold him in, dear lad, and so He heard the fife, and would a-soldiering go.

And it was pleasant for a time to see
Johnnie, our little drummer, go and come,
Holding his head up proudly, merrily,
Happy with coat o' red, and hat, and drum.
That was in peace; but war broke out one day,
And Johnnie's regiment was called away.



#### AT THE GRINDSTONE.

He went! he went! he could not choose but go!

And me and my old woman wearied here:

We knew that men must fall and blood must flow,

But still had many a thought to lighten fear:

Those Russian men could never be so bad

As kill or harm so very small a lad;

A lad that should have been at school or play!

A little baby in a coat o' red!

What! touch our little Johnnie? No, not they!

Why, they had little ones themselves, we said.—

Billie, the little lad we loved so well

Was slain among the very first that fell!

Mark that! A bullet from a murderous gun
Singled him out, and struck him to the brain:
He fell—our boy, our joy, our little one—
His bright hair dark with many a bloody stain,
His clammy hands clenched tight, his eyes o' brown
Looking through smoke and fire to Stamford town!

What, call that war! to slay a helpless child

Who never, never hurt a living thing!

Butchered, for what we know, too, while he smiled

On the strange light all round him, wondering!

Grind, Billie, grind! call, cannons! bayonets, thrust!

Would we were grinding all our foes to dust!

Bah! Frenchman, Turk, or Russian—all alike!

All eaten up with slaughter, sin, and slavery!

Little care they what harmless hearts they strike—

They murder little lads, and call it bravery!

Down with them when they cross our path, I say:

Give me old England's manhood and fair play!



# THE OLD KNITTER.

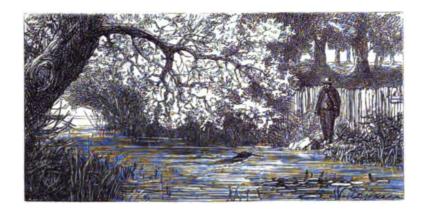
I've seen my seventieth Winter pass;
I've had my share of grief and pain,
Nor am as strong as once I was,
And yet I mean not to complain.

—I always was a knitter? Yes,
It comes like nature to my hand,
And that we rarely do amiss
Which we completely understand.

### THE OLD KNITTER.

I tell the children so. My son Has seven children. I'd eleven, Nine living, married every one, And two were taken young to heaven. Sometimes I think I best loved those Whom God took from me in their youth; And as I knit for George and Rose, I seem to knit for Ben and Ruth; For they in slender mould were cast, Like Richard's twins; and now and then I lose the present in the past, And call his children Ruth and Ben; For whilst my busy fingers knit-I know not how-but through my brain What crowds of lovely phantoms flit, And all the past comes back again! -No; I have neither seen nor heard Those dear ones who are gone to rest; And reason good—it were absurd, For they're in heaven, and with the blest. But oft I see them in my dreams, As real as if in very life, And just as young my husband seems As when he made me first his wife. -Ay, yes! you think I see him, then! I know not; but one thing is sure, My William, Ruth, and little Ben Are safe in heaven. What need I more?

MARY HOWITT.



## FIDELITY.

THERE is a little river path beneath the sunlit beeches,
And weeping willows trail their boughs within its wat'ry reaches;
Where birds may drink and men may think—for both a wholesome diet;
The brook's faint swirl will calm the whirl of brains unused to quiet.

So let us try, my dog and I, this little rustic journey: He is a calm old setter;—I a half-employed attorney. He shams to smell a water-rat, and dashes at a bramble, Then barks—the echoes illustrate the quiet of our ramble.

Ah, could my heart bound up like his! could I forget each trouble—
The broken troth which made my life seem but an empty bubble!
Could I bring back my youth once more, my joy in all things human;
My loving trust in all mankind;—especially in woman!

But now I trust the world no more—alas! because I know it:

No friend like Ponto brings my stick, when in the stream I throw it;

For man is false, and woman too—especially Miss Spooner,

The jilt! I trust her sex again? I'd trust a dog much sooner.

HAIN FRISWELL

78 10

## OUR LITTLE ONE.

ALL day long the house was glad
With the patter of little happy feet;
Never was stranger's face so sad,
But it brightened to see a thing so sweet:
Hither and thither all the day,
Here did our little one laugh and leap,
Till his eyes grew dim as the world grew gray,
And in his little bed he lay,
Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

But all the house is very still,

The world looks awful beyond the door;
All is still, and all is chill,

And our little one will wake no more.

Yet it does not seem that he is dead—

His slumber does not seem so deep;

'T is only dark because day has fled,

And he is lying on his bed,

Tired, tired, and fast asleep.

Alas! he smiles as if he dreams!

Can Death indeed be such as this?

He lies so prettily, it seems

That I could wake him with a kiss.

T is like the nights that used to be—
Only I wring my hands and weep,
And the night is very dark, and, see!

There on his little bed lies he,
Tired, tired, and fast asleep.



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# RICHER THAN GOLD.

On, my love was bold and true, And he sailed across the bay, Singing, "I'll return to you In a twelvemonth and a day."

With no shadow of a doubt he went, For he was true as bold; But I feared the roaring ocean, And cared little for the gold.

All that Summer still and calm

Lay the sparkling silver tide,

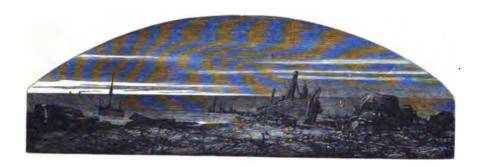
In the sunshine deep and warm,

Or in moonlight bright and wide;

## RICHER THAN GOLD.

And the breezes fanned my cheek
Which bore letters o'er the bay,
Saying, "I'll bring back a heap of gold
In a twelvemonth and a day."

Summer passed,—and Autumn came, When the breezes 'gan to blow, And the waves, no longer tame, Were foam-crested, white as snow;



The sullen sun set redly,

The winds piped shrill and cold,

And on my knees I prayed for him,

And recked not of the gold.

Oh, the storm it is all over,
On the shore there lies a wreck,
With cargo gone and broken masts,
And yawning sides and deck:

To the sea they gave their riches,
Fought for life like sailors bold;
But my love is safe within my arms—
What care I for the gold?

THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIPE."

### SPRING.

The light of the season awakes,

The warm wind softens the cold,
And the lady laburnum shakes

Her treacherous tress of gold.

The cuckoo-flower sprinkles abroad Her stars of purple and pink, And the dark green cresses are strewed On the wandering streamlet's brink.

() violet, why do you speak()f the one sad Spring long by?() wind, that circles my cheek,Have you no voice but a sigh?

From the sheep half hid on the hill Comes the soft low bleat as of yore; And the sound of the trickling rill Bears the music it always bore.

Yet why will they tell and tell
Only of bygone things—
Like the boom of an ocean shell
That only of ocean sings?

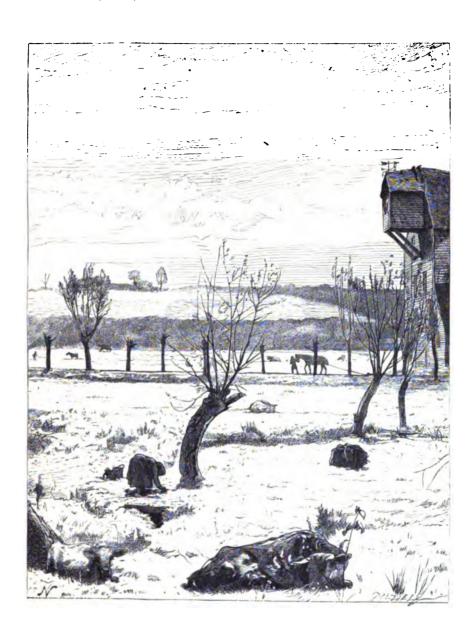
The hill, the vale, and the stream, And the white of the midday san. That softens them into a dream.

But away where the glory glares.

On the broad old mulberry tree.

A butle white stone declares.

What has altered them all to me





# THE GOOSE.

O ELSIE CARR, that single goose
Is worse than all your twenty:
'T was surely hatched when screws were loose
And addled eggs were plenty.
It waddles out, it waddles in,
With one eternal cackle,
As if 't were egg'd to make such din
By eggs still held in shackle.

Go, Elsie, yonder stalks the wretch,
Majestically going,
With step undaunted, neck on stretch,
Big, blusterous, and blowing;
Yet, Flsie, with that willow bough
Be tender, O be human!
A goose is but a goose, you know,
And not a man or woman.



Well, shake your fist to save the rod,
But when was fool affrighted?

A goose will cackle at a god,
And clap his wings delighted.

And, Elsie, think I am a seer
Of power and penetration,

When of the cackling that you hear
I offer this translation:

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#### THE GOOSE,

Stay, mortal. since I be a goose
With little understanding,
Why am I not beneath abuse
Of one so all-commanding!
My web feet came from Heaven, like thine,
And Heaven knows best the reason;
Your language possibly is fine,
Yet cachling can't be treason.

O ye that waste your provinus lives
In ille talks and tattles,
Cutting your throats with golden knives,
Pleased with your gilled rattles:
Sicuting at Homen in your joys,
Shricking in your becamement,
Here very mighty is your noise!
Here little your achievement:

It areas man lives in frailless things: Chaptin differes man features: It and at some me try for alongs. Its mad as arighed contained: The hand as arighed man hind as: White where we can't are some It has an easy hind as: It has an easy some It has an easy hind as:



# A LAKE SCENE.

Arching its slender neck the Swan drew nigh, Submissive to that Lady's mild command, Who, in her youthful beauty on the strand, Watched its proud motions, breasting gracefully The curléd waves—I saw, unnoticed by, The creature feed from out her gentle hand.

T. J. JUDKIN.

11-2



# IN FIVE ACTS.

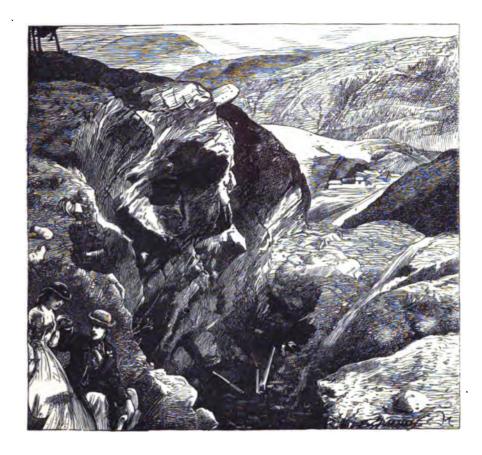
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## THE PROPOSAL.

LET me recall that blissful time,
When, all in love, yet half in fear,
We walked beneath the blossomed lime,
Arm locked in arm, so near and dear.

When words half-utterance found, but died; Hopes fluttered up, and then expired; Like youngling birds their first flight tried, Which drop to earth half dazed, half tired.

But what my lips scarce spoke, her heart
Divined, and bade her eyes express,
And checked her modest fawn-like start:
Trembling, she blushed and answered, "Yes."



# IN FIVE ACTS. ·

11.

# THE WEDDING TOUR.

Solemn the priest, in purest white,

To us rehearsed the sacred vow;

Northward we lovers take our flight,

Our homely shores content us now.

O'er English hills, 'neath soft blue skies, Down rugged steeps I aid my wife; The proud trust brightening in my eyes That I shall be her staff through life.



# IN FIVE ACTS.

III.

# A NEW LIFE.

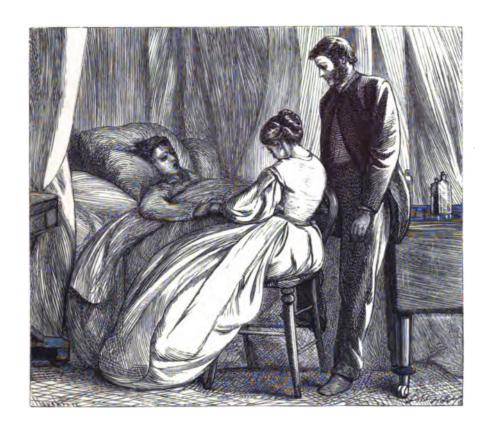
At home we rest, and, lo! a soul
Unto our tender charge is given:
Weaklings, one weaker to control.
Oh, give us strength, thou gracious Heaven!

Oh, lakes of love, clear liquid eyes,

How all the mother shines from thee!

That glance which gave her heart I prize

Less than the mother's love I see.



# IN FIVE ACTS.

IV.

# DEATH IN LIFE.

It came, it stayed, that stranger soul,
Its hostel-body stronger grew;
A part of each to knit the whole,
In joy or sorrow tried and true.

It went; our firstborn, our dear love, God's sweetest gift, to death we yield; Yet still we trust to meet above, And Death makes Faith a stronger shield.



# IN FIVE ACTS.

v.

# THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Stown, as down the mountain height, We two descend the hill of life; The shadows deepen ere the night— Still constant husband, faithful wife.

Vet still the glow of wedded love.

As we two near to Death's dark door,
Shines like a beacon from above

At midnight o'er a snow-clad moor.

THE ALTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIPE."



# TO AN ANGLER BY THE LEA.

On thy grey hairs a passing benison,

Meek brother of the angle! standing now

At that same river's edge, whose gentle flow

Made frequent music in the ears of One

As gentle as itself.\* Silent—alone—

I saw thee through the mist, when morning's brow

Was lit by its pale star, and still art thou

Plying thy rod, although the day is done;

Meanwhile, most wearily my time has passed

'Mid scenes of sordid greed, and pride, and wrong,

Where oft the feeble sink beneath the strong,

And merit withers in detraction's blast:

Nor seldom is the prayer—my hours might glide

Calmly, as thine do, at the river's side.

T. J. JUDKIN.

• Izaak Walton.

9 12

# SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

The sun is bright in the meadow,

The Spring flowers blow,

Nell stands by the stream, and her shadow
Glimmers below;

And I try to muster the daring

To creep more near,

And whisper the passion past bearing
Into her ear.

Her eyelids droop while she fishes,

Her eyes look down!—

But while I whispered my wishes,

If Nell should frown,

I think I should turn to self-slaughter

As something sweet,

And, embracing her shade in the water,

Die at her feet!



### THE HEATH.

YONDER heath is a barren place, But she lights it nightly with her face.

Common and bare the whole day thro', It glitters by night with white moon-dew.

The brakes and bushes take form, and stir Like gentle shapes, at the voice of her.

A charm is in the earth and air, The winds sound wondrous, when she is there.

The pale stars cluster in the skies, And gaze upon her with glistening eyes.

Charméd and fair the heath has grown, When I hie to meet her alone, alone!

Moon and star in wild eclipse Reel at the meeting of our lips.

Her hair falls free,—her beauteous face Puts a charm on the common place:

Down in the depths of my yearning eyes, A common nature grows pure and wise.

Shapes of wonder and beauty stray

O'er the place and the heart that are poor by day!

Down, O sun! arise, O moon!

That the magic may come upon us soon.

# THE HEATH,

Die, O day! come, eventide!

That the common things may be beautified.

Come, and go not soon away! We dwindle again in the garish day!



Rise, O moon, upon the place, Whiten the wonder on her face!

Come, O Love, to my red heart's core, Lighten and purify me more!

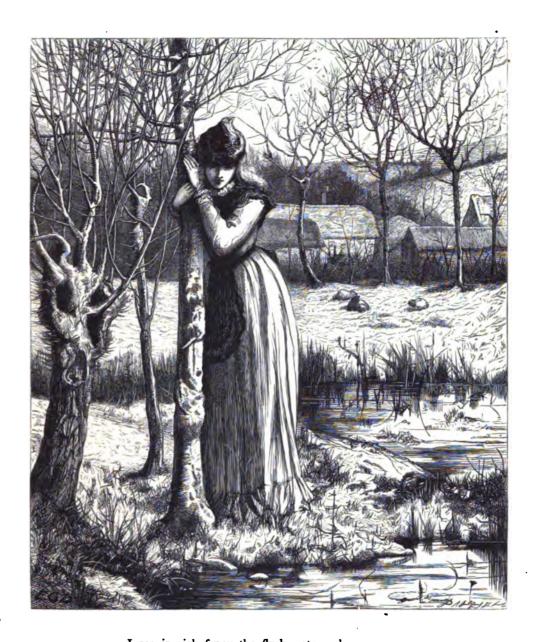
### FADING WITH THE SNOWDROP.

WITH the last fading snowdrop that drops in the snow, Ere the earth shall be blossoming, I too must go; From its myriad wonders, its sunlight and dew, To the dark sunken valleys no eye can pierce through; Where rivers of sap stir the heart-roots of trees, Where the delicate wind-flower lies waiting the breeze, Where the bread of the living, the corn-grasses, grow Deep under the snowdrop and under the snow.

I know by God's signs, that to others are dim,
That His children of beauty are rising to Him.
I know by the golden glare piercing earth's night,
I know by the sheen of their petals of light,
By my dreams of green wands that nor waver nor sway,
By the croziers of fern that are forcing their way,
That flocks of white lilies are waiting to blow
Far under the snowdrop and under the snow.

In the hush of the deep of those shadowy dells God's good time is marked by the silence of bells. Not a breath is yet stirring in trumpet or horn, All mute stands the host that shall burst on the morn; But, lifted and ready, and strong for the day When their silence shall pass like a whisper away, Stand His armies of splendour, in rank and in row, Down under the snowdrop and under the snow.

O time of sweet-coming, O verdure and grace, Life full in her morning, no stain on her face, Pulse-bounding and buoyant, free, gracious, and fair, First song of the woodlands, first dance of the air, Whence come ye, where go ye, what are ye to me, Alone, ever hoping,—but never to see? Alone, save for visions which greet me below Of the coming of flowers that lie under the snow.



I see in sick fancy the flush waters play,
I breathe the rare breath of the scent of the may;
I hear the shrill eagle aloft with her brood,
The thrill of the woodlark that hushes the wood;

#### FADING WITH THE SNOWDROP.

I catch the corn-rustle, the corn-reaper's strain, The stroke of the sickle, the fall of the grain; I hear the grass mowers as singing they mow,— But 't is under the snowdrop and under the snow.

I bow me before Him who only can yield
The love that is born of a flower of the field.
For others the Spring-time, for others the dawn;
The fruit-stalk shall burgeon, but I shall be gone.
Yet 't is well it should be so; 't is less of forlorn
To die in the blossom than live in the thorn;
And the life-flowers which, here, we may never more know,
Perish not with the snowdrop nor under the snow!

Those life-flowers shall sleep but as earth-blossoms sleep In the calm of surrender, soft, silent, and deep; Laid low in their weakness to rise in their might, Freed servants, tried soldiers, new-robed in His light, Though slain on His battle-fields, cold in the sod, With their backs to the world and their faces to God, They await but the blare, when His trumpet shall blow, To rise like the snowdrop and pierce through the snow.

O day of life-waking, O Spring-tide of bliss,
O new world, the crown and the glory of this,
In thought I behold thee, full, gorgeous, and bright
With the grace and the glow of His lilies of light;
One garden of splendour whose flowers are all blown,
All circling in order like stars round the throne;
With His armies of angels in rank and in row,
Bending meek as the snowdrop and robed like the snow!

In you land of life-waking, you heavenward shore,
God's good time is marked by His silence no more.
Every voice there is singing His wisdom and ways,
All the clear air is filled with the breath of His praise;
There the trump of His archangel heralds the day
When earth's sorrows shall pass like a whisper away,
And the souls of those sleepers that wait Him below,
Rising pure as the snowdrop, shall burst through the snow!

ELBANORA LOUISA HERVEY.



# "WHICH WOULD YOU KISS?"

Which would you kiss? A cheek like this,
Ruddy and ripe and mellow,
Or the languid and mild cheek of the child
Of some well-acred fellow?
And how would you kiss? For a cheek like this,
A tasty smack and rare!
But daintily brush o'er the languid blush,
When you kiss the lady fair.

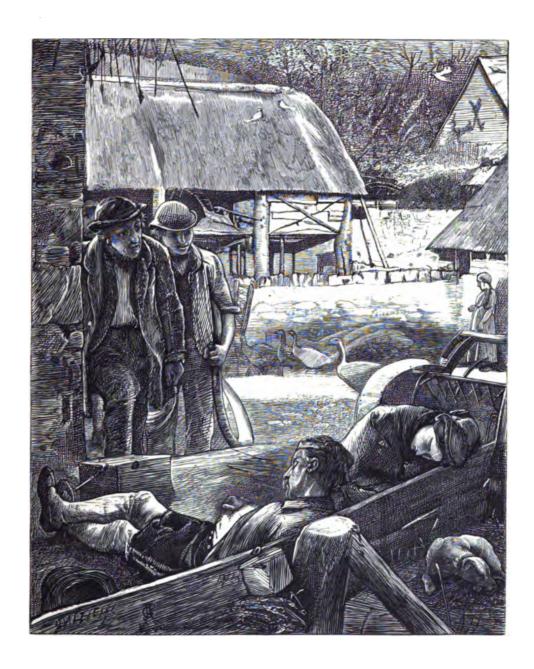
Which would you choose to be your Muse?
To whom would you say or sigh love?
Which of the two is the mate for you,—
The lowly or the high love?
Oh, daintily kiss your high-born miss,
Till ye scorn, or die, or sever;
While roundly I kiss a cheek like this,
And find it fond for ever!

97 18

# THE JOURNEY'S END.

THE man lay down and dreamed a dream of old. Forgotten was the sultry heat of noon, The long, long journey, and the tired limbs: Forgotten, too, the stealthy fire that sucked The life-blood of his heart from day to day. And, lo! a village by the sunny Loire, With trees down-sloping to the river's blue, Above, upon the height, a ruined tower, And out beyond the houses a square plain, Dotted with stones and crosses of black iron; Children are playing there, scarce knowing how Or why came all these yellow wreaths, and plots Of little flowers, and, in the crosses, squares Glass-covered, with the Virgin's face inside. The children leave the place: he sees them go, This way and that way over all the world, Through rain, and wind, and torrid heat, and snow. But one of all returns; and as he looks-O Heaven! a coldness falls upon his heart-Surely he knows the man, dim-eyed, forlorn, Who stumbles forward with a little cry, And falls, face downward, on the yielding grass.

The people of the farm-yard cluster round,
And with mute, curious eyes behold the pair,—
The English wife, asleep, her babe held tight,
The man, with bronzed and haggard face, a stripe
Of tinsel on the brow, and his lithe form
Clad in fantastic costume. Suddenly
His weary head falls over with a sigh
And twitching of the mouth. They wait and look.
There is no further motion of the face,
No further heaving of the narrow chest.
One, fearing, takes the lean and withered hand.
And straightway lets it drop.—The man is dead.
And still his wife sleeps on, her child close wrapped
And folded to her breast: and they around
Ask, without speech, who first shall bid her wake?



99 13—2

#### REAPING.

UP, mortal, and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!

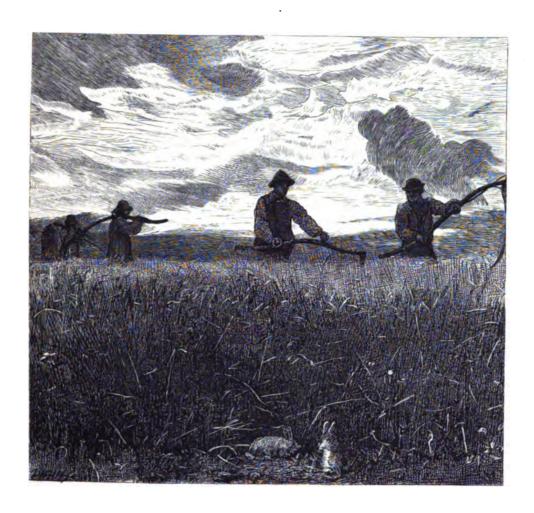
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!

Soars the skylark—soar thou; leaps the stream—do thou leap;
Learn from Nature the splendour of action:

Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
The blackbird is piping within the dim elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping,
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm.
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To Spring comes the budding; to Summer, the blush;
To Autumn, the happy fruition;
To Winter, repose, meditation, and hush;
But to man, every season's condition:
He buds, blooms, and ripens in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor, and sleeper;
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a Reaper.



# WED LAST SPRING.

Two days ago the Winter was not done,

And now the world is flooded full of sun—

Is brimming o'er with sights and sounds of Spring:
'T is the world's birthday; sorrow there is none,

Because all hearts must sing.

Now, clumps of primroses, like clots or cream, Hid violets, like kisses in a dream; While from the blue that disembodied song, Which is the lark, or so the poets deem, Drops clear, and sweet, and strong.

Pink tassels on the larches overhead,
And golden catkins in the sallow bed;
And o'er the fields, in hopeful patience sown,
A tender veil of emerald green is spread—
How the young wheat has grown!

What though short showers whisper in the leaves, And hang their diamonds on the dripping eaves! Are not your eyes, love, wet with happy tears, Which do but nurture, so my heart believes, Sweet fruit for coming years?

Accept loved Nature's omens, then, mine own: Her sunshine largesse o'er your bridal thrown, Her sunset calm to picture after-life, When joy to steadfast happiness has grown. And all is well, my wife!

Ion How



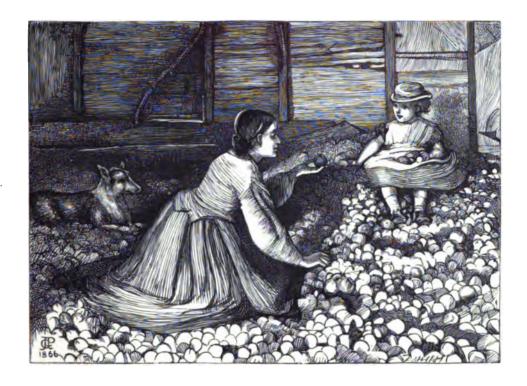
#### KING PIPPIN.

KING PEPIN was the King of France
A little dapper king was he,
And yet he had a son as big
As ever reigned on land or sea,
Long-legged, long-armed, of mighty strength,
Was kingly-minded, brave, and free:
But what's King Pepin unto you?
And what is Charlemagne to me?

I have a better king than both;
A pretty little man is he:
Not Pcp, but Pippin is his name—
His kingdom is an apple tree.
He wears an ever-gracious smile,
And all the monarch fires his e'e:
A kingly head, a queenly heart—
Oh, that's the golden king for me!

Just see him in the Spring-time clear,
When star-buds fire the apple tree:
He dances round it like a fay,
And makes the orchard ring with glee
And when soft Summer, leafily green,
Breathes daisies in the furrowed lea.
King Pippin, on a bed of blooms,
Finds heaven beneath the royal tree.

But when old tawny Autumn comes,
With apples laughing on the tree,
King Pippin sits beneath and sings,
"I am your king, come down to me!"
Then up the ladder mounts and sits
Checkshi jowl with his subjects free,
Who, blushing, shout with one acclaim,
"Hail' Pippin, King of the Apple Tree!



And when the apples are gathered in,

The king—a royal judge is he—
Receives them from a beauteous maid,

Who brings them on her bended knee.
And he assigns their righteous doom

Where'er their various merits lie,—
Sends this to rot, gives that to eat,

The rest to pudding, pig, or pie.

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### KING PIPPIN.

Oh, Pippin is a worthy king;
An apple-cheekéd king is he:
I love him more than all the kings
That wear old crowns beyond the sea.
I would not give his little thumb
For those grim-headed emperors three,
Whose legs are twined about the world,
As if it were thair apple tree.

Sing Pippin hey! sing Pippin ho!

The best of all the kings is he!

Nor thought he stabs, nor speech he chokes,

Nor steals the bairnie from our knee;

He lets us think, he lets us speak,

And sport beneath his apple tree:

I bless him once, I bless him twice,

I bless him everlastingly!



# RENVYLE—IRELAND.

OH! it is very sweet in this wild place,
Now that the winds and waves are reconciled,
And the still ocean, like a slumbering child
Within the glory of a mother's face,
Lies bright; 't is very sweet, as now, to trace
Fair images of things which once beguiled
My early boyhood, when all Nature smiled,
E'en as a poet's soul, with light and grace;
As if, indeed, I saw the self-same shore,
Its tender hills, pure sky, and azure main,
Chequered with purpling islands, where a train
Of wingéd creatures did resort of yore,
To thread the choral dance, or haply guide
The Paphian Venus through the curling tide.

T. J. JUDKIN.

# THE SONG.

TOGETHER in the house awhile,

I saw her, young, and fair, and meek;
I watched her softly, sweetly smile,
I heard her softly, sweetly speak;
And yet my heart was all my own—
Was all my own to give or keep,
No sudden spell was o'er it thrown,
No thought to banish sleep.

Yet oft my eye was well content

To follow on her tootsteps, where
She moved on household thoughts intent,
As light as is the Summer air;
And sweet as is the Summer air
Her every look, her every tone,
She drew me to her unaware,
And yet my heart was all my own.

Until one Summer eve she sung
A little song of love and death.
A rose unto the casement clung,
I felt within my soul its breath;
A spell was o'er my spirit thrown,
A thought was mine to banish sleep;
And now my heart is all her own.
Her own to lose or keep.

IN CA GERRARIA





# A SONG ON THE GOING AWAY.

- "OLD man upon the green hill-side
  With yellow flowers besprinkled o'er.
  How long in silence wilt thou bide
  At this low stone door?
- "I stoop: within 't is dark and still;
  But shadowy paths methinks there be,
  And lead they far into the hill?"
  "Traveller, come and see."
- "Tis dark, 'tis cold, and hung with gloom;
  I care not now within to stay;
  For thee and me is scarcely room,
  I will hence away."

#### A SONG ON THE GOING AWAY.

"Not so, not so, thou youthful guest,
Thy foot shall issue forth no more:
Behold the chamber of thy rest,
And the closing door!"

"Oh! have I 'scaped the whistling ball, And striven on smoky fields of fight, And scaled the 'leaguered city's wall In the dangerous night;



"And borne my life unharméd still
Through foaming gulfs of yeasty spray,
To yield it on a grassy hill,
At the noon of day?"

"Peace! Say thy prayers, and go to sleep,
Tilt some time ONE my seal shall break,
And deep shall answer unto deep,
When HE crieth, 'AWAKE!'"

JEAN INGELOW.

# GLEN-OONA.

And is there still joy in the vale of Glen-Oona?

Oh, sings there the lark as it sings not elsewhere?

Is life still a dream in the vale of Glen-Oona?

Hushed and sweet as the breath of the clear mountain air?

Thirty years since I went from the vale of Glen-Oona, Thirty years since we parted in anger and pride; With a heart full of darkness I went from Glen-Oona, For the petulant hope of my boyhood had died.

And I cursed her who dwelt in the vale of Glen-Oona,

And I turned from her face that was false through her tears,

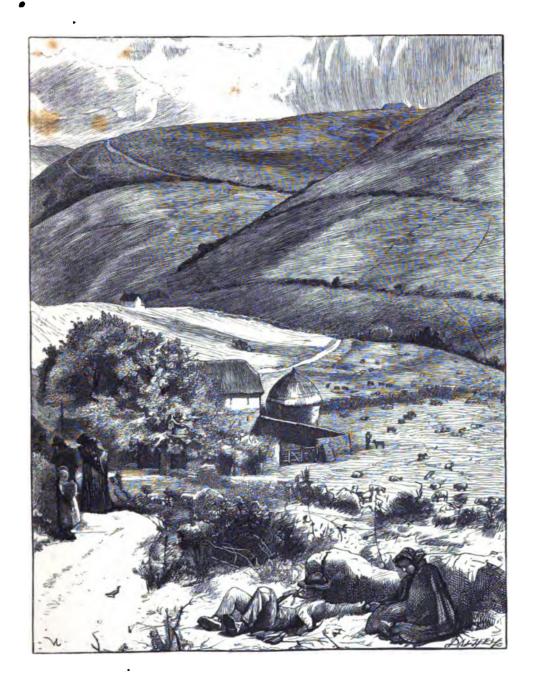
And I fled far away from the vale of Glen-Oona

Till my sorrow was dulled by the ministrant years.

But memory loved the clear vale of Glen-Oona, And graced it and gave it the glory of dawn, Till there grew up another and rarer Glen-Oona, More beautiful far than the one that was gone.

And now, once again, I look down on Glen-Oona,
Asleep in the sunshine that falls from the hill;
But this is a colder and greyer Glen-Oona,
And my heart, unresponsive, refuses to thrill.

Oh, where is the olden and golden Glen-Oona
I saw when the sea-winds spoke softly and low?
I would I could turn from this vale of Glen-Oona
To the vale that I loved in the years long ago.



113 15

### ONE MOUTH MORE.

It is but one mouth more, father:
And He that can bestow
Wherewith to satisfy all needs,
Will still provide, I know.
Hark, how outside the wind doth roar!
See, how chill drives the sleet!—
He came for shelter to our door,
Of all doors in the street.

When Willy ran home from the school,

He found him shivering there:

His eye looked up in Willy's face,

Out of the draggled hair,

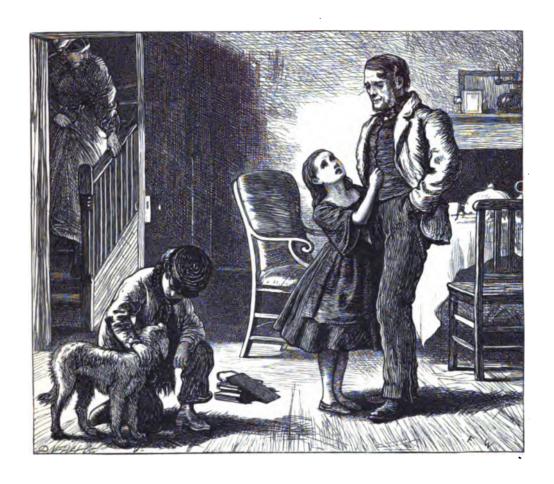
As if it said, "I have no food,

No sheltering roof have I;

If you'll not take me in to live,

I must stay here to die."

I know that you have sore to do
To keep us clothed and fed;
How mother's bound to save and spare,
How all eat careful bread;
But God that blessed the widow's mite,
And filled the widow's cruse,
Will not let miss the bone or crust
For which poor Doggie sues.



I'll save his portion out of mine,
And so will Willy too;
He'll watch your bundle while you dine,—
We'll find him work to do;
And when he wags his tail at meat,
Or barks with us at play,
If there be one more mouth to eat,
There's one more grace to say.

115 15—2

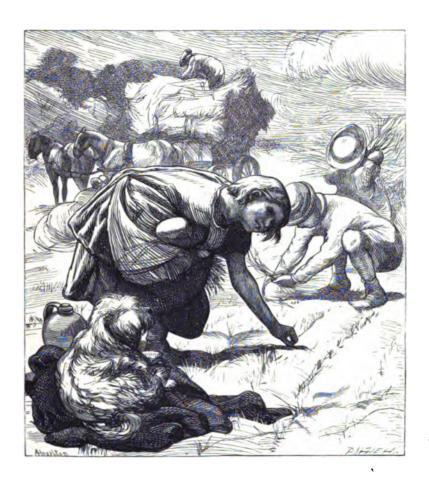


# MY JESSIE.

My Jessie lives beyond the town,
Just where the moorland, bare and brown,
Looks over to the sea:
A little maid of lowly birth,
But, oh! of all the girls on earth,
The dearest girl to me!

Few Summers hath she known: her eyes
Are bluer than the Summer skies,
And brimming o'er with fun;
Her hair is like a golden crown;
Her little hands are sadly brown;
Her cheek tells of the sun.

But could you see her come and go
In Summer shine and Winter snow,
As I do, day by day;
Now rising like the lark at morn;
Like Ruth, now gleaning in the corn;
Now busy in the hay;

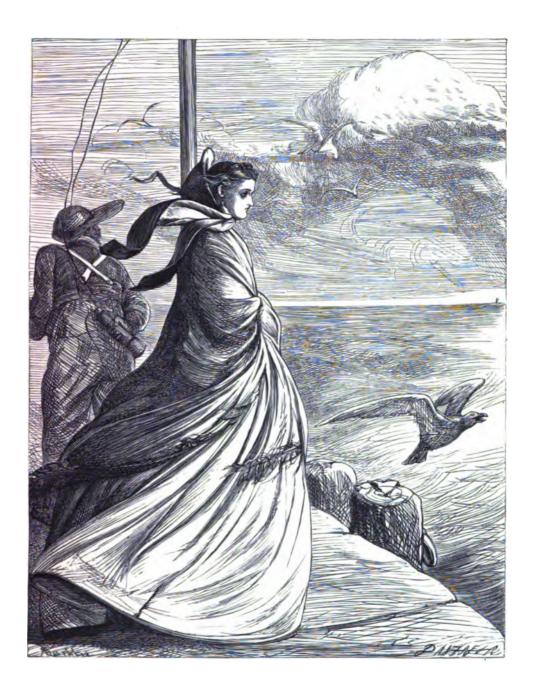


Now racing like a greyhound fleet
Along the glist'ning sands, with feet
Like snow, so white and bare;
All beauty, health, enjoyment, mirth,
You'd say no queen on all the earth
Was ever half so fair!

AMBLIA B. EDWARDS.

# OUT CLINK-CLINK-" Ahoy!"--" Yards braced Flags uncu Some eyes th (How brigh While, bendir And rushing Our gallant Though one h And one ha 'T will never d Or curse a s See, far away They dwind For dashing of And springing Our merry s Gay spreads th But many a And stormy me Ere next we The parting loo The kiss, the As round the re God bless you Sail on, good

WILLIAM ALLINGMAN.



### OUTWARD BOUND.

CLINK-CLINK goes our windlass;
"Ahoy!"—"Haul in!"—"Let go!"
Yards braced and sails set,—
Flags uncurl and flow.
Some eyes that watch from shore are wet,
(How bright their welcome shone!)
While, bending softly to the breeze,
And rushing through the parted seas,
Our gallant ship glides on.

Though one has left a sweetheart,
And one has left a wife,
'T will never do to mope and fret,
Or curse a sailor's life.
See, far away they signal yet—
They dwindle—fade—they're gone
For dashing outwards, bold and brave,
And springing light from wave to wave,
Our merry ship flies on.

Gay spreads the sparkling ocean;
But many a gloomy night
And stormy morrow must be met
Ere next we heave in sight.
The parting look we'll ne'er forget,
The kiss, the benison,
As round the rolling world we go.
God bless you all!—blow, breezes, blow!
Sail on, good ship, sail on!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



# HOMEWARD BOUND.

HEAD the ship for England!

Shake out every sail!

Blithe leap the billows,

Merry sings the gale.

Captain, work the reck'ning;

How many knots a day?—

Round the world and home again,

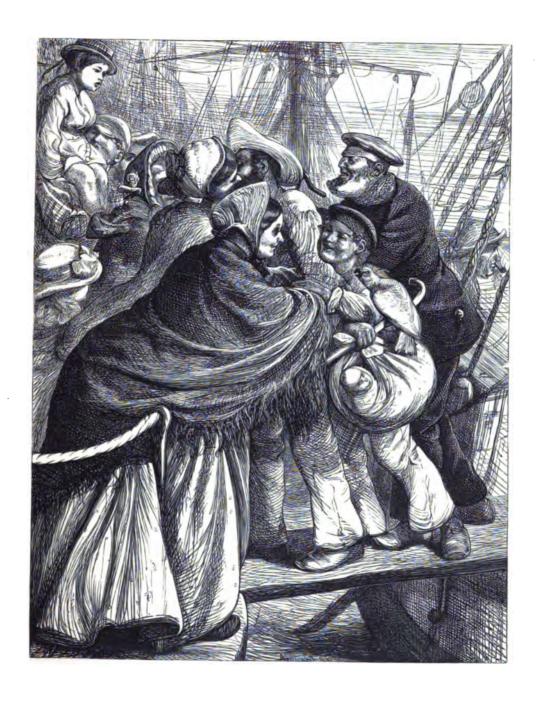
That's the sailor's way!

We've traded with the Yankees,
Brazilians, and Chinese;
We've laughed with dusky beauties
In shade of high palm trees;
Across the Line and Gulf-stream—
Round by Table Bay—
Everywhere and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

Nightly stands the North Star
Higher on our bow;
Straight we run for England;
Our thoughts are in it now.
Jolly time with friends ashore,
When we've drawn our pay!—
All about and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

Tom will to his parents;
Jack will to his dear;
Joe to wife and children;
Bob to pipes and beer;
Dicky to the dancing-room,
To hear the fiddles play;
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



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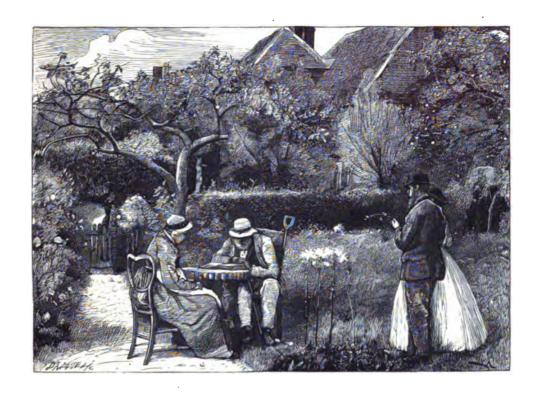
16

# A VESPER HYMN.

Sweet is the little scented spot

Where we have dwelt for many a year,
And sweet still seems our wedded lot,
Now the grey sleeping-time is near;
Chill lies the dew—the moments fleet—
The shadows lengthen at our feet—
The quiet of the Night is near us now;
Yet peaceful is the Night, though Light be sweet—
This is God's truth, I trow.

We have been happy many a day,
We have been weary many more;
We have been sad—we have been gay;
Life has been sweet—life has been sore;
And oft, in sorrows manifold,
The Light from heaven seemed cruel cold,
And Death looked hitherward with pitiless brow;
But Death looks very mildly on the old:—
This is God's truth. I trow.



We are so old and sleepy-eyed,

We scarcely heed the things we see,—
To rest together side by side

Will be relief to thee and me!
Our eyes are dim, our heads are white,
We can no longer bear the Light,
Our children drink the joy we tire of now,
While still and sweet and holy comes the Night:—
This is God's truth, I trow.



# YOUTH AND AGE.

Or warm sinlight scarce a span
In the shady lane
Twixt the child and the old man:
Yet between the twain
Such a wide long stretch of years.
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears!

Little Mary's guiden head Poubling Summer's gold 5— Winter's snow-wreaths thickly shed On that brow so old? Will she ever grow grey as he? Was he ever young as she?

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

Happy little Mary,
Never grave or sad;
Tales of elf and fairy
Make her young heart glad;—
Gentle thoughts of humankind
Fill with peace the old man's mind.



For, as fruits grow mellow,

Hearts grow ripe with ruth,

When the leaves are yellow;

In the Spring of youth

Sunshine warms the shallow root,

Swelling blossoms for the fruit!

TON HOOD.

#### EROKEN VICTUALS.

"My way of Lie Is fallen min the sear, the yellow leaf: And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead——"

CLOSER and closer fold your pet
Against that sheltering breast,
With lips and eyes of wonderment,
By pity scarce supprest.
Youth well may deem the sight unmeet
Of age in threadbare clothes,
That finds the broken victuals sweet
A stranger's hand bestows.

The time has past when he could blush

To meet that questioning eye,

When his thin cheek for shame would flush
E'en at youth's pitying sigh.

Hunger takes off the bitterness

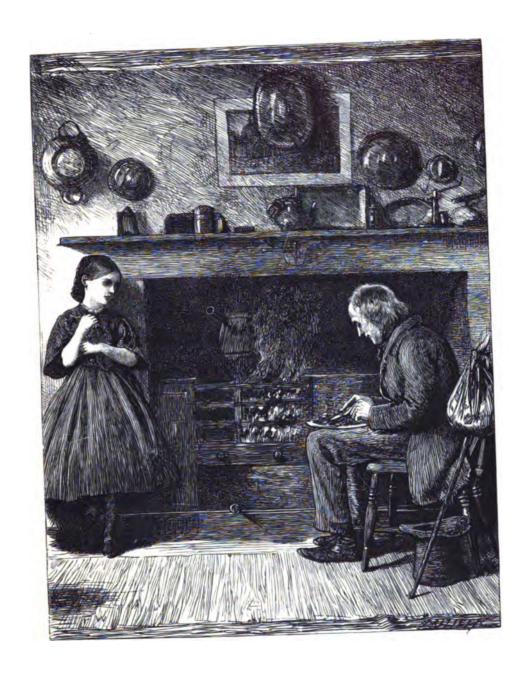
Of charitable bread;

Thin blood finds comfort in the warmth

From alien firesides shed.

She asks not how he came to this,—
If fault with fate combined
To leave his grey hairs shelterless
Against the world's keen wind;
She only sees that he is poor,
And feels that he is old,
That love, warmth, comfort should be his,
Not scorn, and want, and cold.

TON TAYLOR.



# SUMMER STORM.

We quarrelled this morning, my wife and I—
We were out of temper and scarce knew why,
Tho' the cause was trivial—common;
But to look at us then, you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies cruel and wroth,
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,

Tossed her sweet little head in as spiteful a way

As so gentle a woman was able;

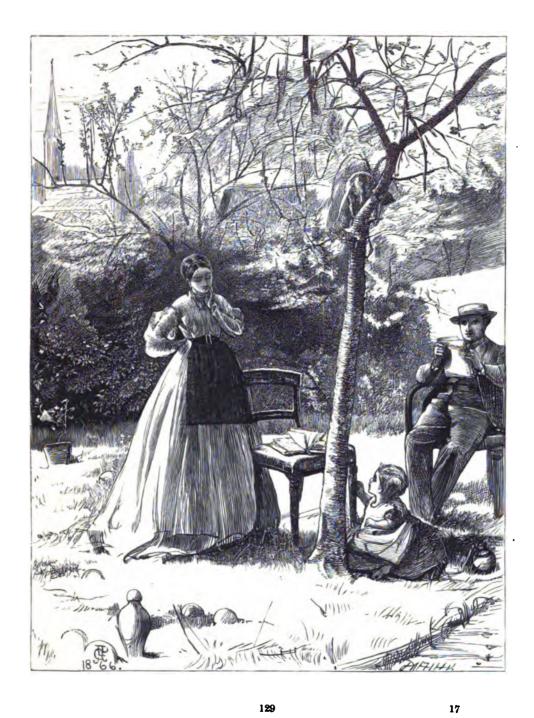
She clenched her lips with a sneer and frown;

While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,

Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion,
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbowed out into tears with a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

The storm was over in less than an hour,
It was followed at once by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.



#### SUMMER STORM.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blaine,
By her kindness herself reproving;
Then, seeing her humble and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble too,
And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing me acting a humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
With as careless a laugh as Cupid;
And the laughter echoed along my brain,
Till I almost felt in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine

Around this stubbornest neck of mine

Like the arms of a maid round a lover;

And feeling them there with their love, you know,

I laughed quite a different laugh; and so

The Summer storm was over!



# THE SURPRISAL.

On the green margin of a stream she stood,

Thick-leavéd trees the chosen covert shading:

Yes, there stood Kate, her raven tresses braiding
In the bright mirror of that crystal flood.

T. J. JUDKIN.

# THE SILENT POOL.

A WINTRY sky at eventide,
And doleful woods. My faith! yon lassie
Was rash to wait alone beside
The Silent Pool, so still and glassy.

It looks far deeper than the sea,

More ghostly than the lake of Charon;
Its beetling bank appears to me

A risky spot to nurse despair on.



She watched and wept. To meet him here
She climbed the stile and crossed the stubble:—
He's come at last, to dry her tear,
And case her of her tender trouble.

The fondest of young Love's embraces: The blissful moments lightly speed; Love, only Love, can see their faces.

#### THE SILENT POOL.

Most people like to bill and coo,

And some have done it for the last time;
So, happy pair, we envy you

Your pleasant and improving pastime.



For life is toil, and age is bane,
When all we love is dead or missing;
But if we see this Pool again,
You'll still be here, and still be kissing!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

# CHILD AMONG THE ROCKS

UNDERNEATH thy feet are rocks, and o'er thee Hang the heavy cliffs, and still before thee Ocean stretches till it meets the sky; Seest thou the white sea-birds rising, falling On the breakers? Hearest thou the calling Of the winds that wail and hurry by?

Dost thou watch the ships slow sailing? Nearer Lies thy world, O young Columbus! Dearer Than each tar-sought prize; Rich in joy—in wonder still unfailing, Star, and shell, and glistening sea-weed trailing In the little pool that nearest lies.

Childhood's realm is rich, yet straitly bounded, Like a vale by giant hills surrounded; Lies it ever hidden, safe and sweet, Warm 'mid sheltering rocks that guard and love it, Heaven around, within it, and above it, Heaven beneath its feet!

DORA GREENWELL



#### AUTUMNAL SONG.

Now, dark and dry, is piled the wheat, The wine-press feels no stained feet, The white moon shrinks her sickle clear, And voices of the air repeat, "It is the evening of the year."

Why have I missed, while men have found?

Men smile that corn and wine abound,

And children eat the ripened ear;

I gaze at them from barren ground:

It is the evening of the year.

O Love! it seems but yesterday,
A child in fresh green fields I lay,
And dreamt of thee where skies were clear;
But withered leaves bestrew my way:
It is the evening of the year.

O Face that I have never seen!

Somewhere on earth with saddened mien

Thou waitest, full of sober cheer;—

Come! where the reaper's foot hath been:

It is the evening of the year.



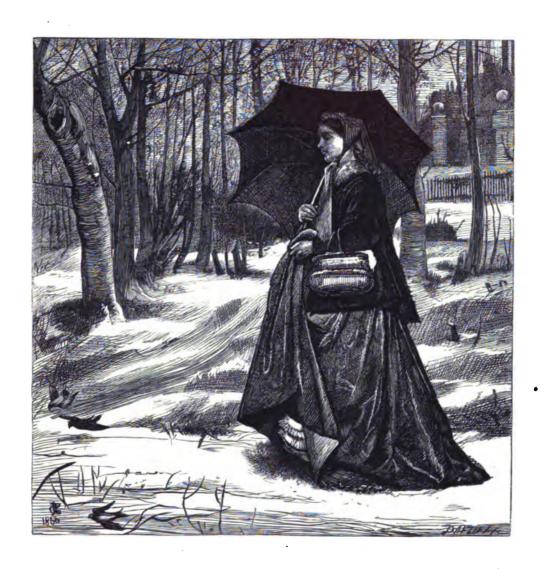
Come to me, O my Love, my Fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate!
Come!—I have sought thee far and near;
Come!—lest I wither while I wait:
It is the evening of the year.

#### WINTER SONG.

Wintry winds are calling,
Wheresoe'er I go,
Dismally is falling
The melancholy snow;
Birds from off the bough
Long have taken flight,
There is no singing now,
And scant sunlight.
I weary for the old days,
When all the world looked gay;
These are the cold days!
Summer hath fled away!

Love, and peace, and gladness
Stayed a little space;
Solitude and sadness
Meet me in their place:
Love passed idly by,
Soon was gladness flown,
Peace was last to fly—
I am alone!
And I weary for the old days,
And those who would not stay;
These are the cold days!
Summer hath fled away!

Heart, hast thou a reason
Thus to throb and yearn?
In the wintry season
Why should he return?
In the wintry hours
'T is too late to gain
One who 'mid the flowers
Would not remain;



And I weary for the old days,
And one who would not stay;
These are the cold days!
Summer hath fled away!

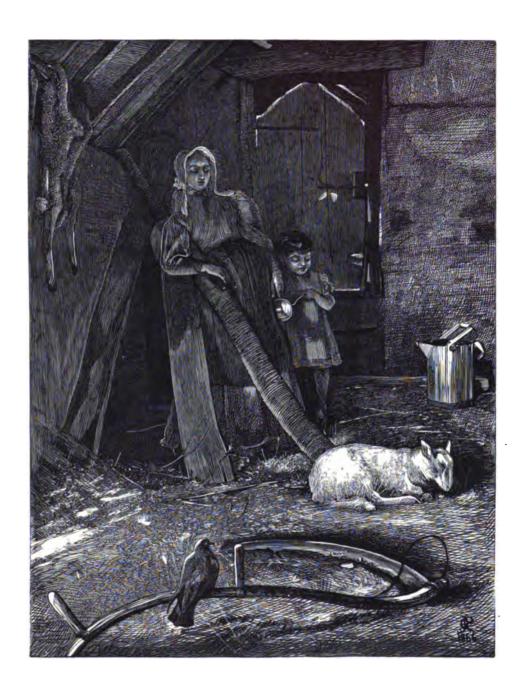
# NORLAN FARM.

PLEASANT lie the woods round Norlan
When the leaf is on the tree:
Here, beside the woods of Norlan,
Here he kissed and trysted me.
Follow him, follow him, wind from Norlan,
Wheresoe'er he be!

Here we met and here we parted,
In the evening of the year;
Happy sounds were heard from Norlan,
And the wood-birds whistled near.
Follow him, follow him, sounds from Norlan,
Whisper in his ear!

Flocks and herds were murm'ring round us;
Calm was all the eye could trace;
In the west the mild sun, sinking,
Smiled upon the peaceful place.
Follow him, sounds and sights from Norlan,
With my voice and face!

Blow upon him, wind from Norlan, Though in mists of fight he be; Flash, O peaceful sights of Norlan, On my soldier's memorie! Living or dying, Norlan, Norlan, Let him think of me!



# MOTHER RUMOUR.

What did Mother Rumour do? Over the whole wide world she flew, Upsetting kings, reversing laws, In her state coach drawn by pies and daws.

A speaking-trumpet in her hand, She cried aloud thro' every land; English, Spanish, Turkish, Greek,— Every tongue the witch could speak.

Everywhere her notes were heard, By man and woman, beast and bird: Such a babble in the air! 'T was chatter, chatter, everywhere!—

From the Sultan's bright seraglio, Where languid trouser'd beauties blow, To Goody Blake and Goody Blane, Gossiping in an English lane.

Little king or queen could do But noisy Mother Rumour knew; Not a thing, however small, But she was warned about it all:

#### MOTHER RUMOUR.

Terrible things and wicked things, Court and cottage whisperings, Shrieks of pain and cries of power, Cooings from my lady's bower.



Kings and courtiers saw her pass, Pretty sinners cried "Alas!" Treason hunched his back,—while she Doomed him to the gallows-tree.

# MOTHER RUMOUR.

The murderer, as he turned to fly, Shrieked to hear her dreadful cry, And tore his hair; for as he flew, All the pallid people knew!

Two magpies, sitting on a fir, Croaked, chuckling, as they looked at her, "What a world the world must be, Ruled by such a witch as she!"

But the lark went up to heaven's gate, And sang his ditty early and late— "Hither, hither!" was his cry, "The witch can never soar as high!"



#### THE SEA CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHILD.

The fresh breeze whistles above us, the tide runs fast below,
The ship is waiting, they tell me,—is waiting,—and I must go;
For my bread must be won on the waters, on the changeful treacherous main:
I'll be back in a year, my baby, when the roses bloom again.

A year! Full many a sailor, ere the year is past, shall sleep, With a boulder of rock for a pillow, in the tangleweed, fathoms deep. Back in a year, my lambkin! The words are quickly said, But the storm will be up and doing, and the sea will have its dead.

What then? Who die in their duty, die well, and are in His hand. "We're as near to heaven," said old Gilbert, "by sea as we are by land;" E'en then we shall have a meeting, and no more parting and pain, When both are at rest on Our Father's breast, and the roses bloom again.

H. W. D.

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# A CHILD'S GARDEN.

SEEK in the hill, and seek in the vale, For foxglove, and broom, and heather; Seek in the woods for the primrose pale, Seek for the hyacinths dim and frail, And plant them all close together. Flowers that are bold, and flowers that are shy; The drooping bell, and the starry eye That looks bright in the cloudiest weather. And fling in all seeds that twine and that trail, To bind them safe together; Then plant the sunflower and lily tall, Tulip and crown imperial, With a blossomed rose for the heart of June Set in the midst of all, and say A charm to make them come up as soon As the mustard and cress that were sown last May, And be all in bloom together! Emblem of youth's warm heart, thick sown With blooms that need fear no weather; With wingéd dreams, and hopes half blown, With flowers that love to bloom alone, And flowers that bloom together!



# SELECTIONS FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

# HOME OF GERTRUDE.

On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune His Autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe, Perchance, along thy river calm at noon, The happy shepherd swain had nought to do—From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown, When lovely maidens prankt in flow'ret new; And aye those sunny mountains half-way down Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes His leave, how might you the flamingo see Disporting like a meteor on the lakes— And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree; And every sound of life was full of glee,



From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men, While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry, The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then, Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

#### WYOMING.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn,
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves:)
So sweet a spot of earth you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by Summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam;
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem,
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

But silent not that adverse eastern path
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far-distant town;



But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom, And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down, To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom, That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

#### GERTRUDE'S LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

IT seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad, That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon; Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone, Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast, (As if for heavenly musing meant alone,) Yet so becomingly th' expression past, That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face.
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown;
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other—oceans are between;
Yet, say! far friendly hearts from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?
My mother, sure—my sire a thought may claim;
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.



"And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong?
O parent! with what reverential awe,
From features of thine own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw!
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!"

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# A SYLVAN STUDY.

But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloe threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, ere yet its symphony begin.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flowers a couch had strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm tree half o'ergrown;
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.—

For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound, Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird, Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round; Till chance had ushered to its inmost ground



The stranger guest of many a distant clime; He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound; But late th' equator suns his cheek had tanned And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

#### LOVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove And pastoral savannahs, they consume!

While she, beside her buskined youth to rove, Delights, in fancifully wild costume,

Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;

And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;

But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;

'T is but the breath of heaven—the blesséd air—

And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the Spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade e'en now her love, and witnessed first her vows.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce, Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground, Where welcome hills shut out the universe, And pines their lawny walk encompass round;



There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'T was but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drowned,)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE OLD COUPLE AND THE OLD CLOCK.

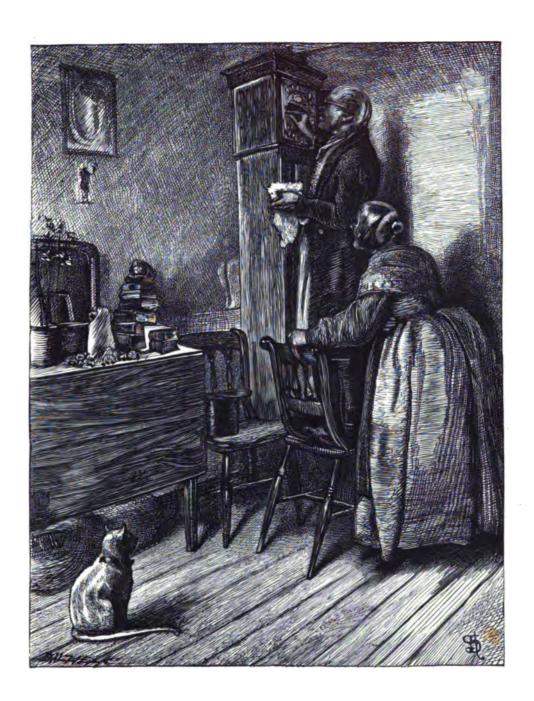
The old clock still keeps honest time,
The old wheels still run true;
As shrill and cheery sounds his chime
As when its case was new.
Their eighty years on that old pair
Have left their wrinkling trace,
But not one seal of time is there
Upon the old clock-face.

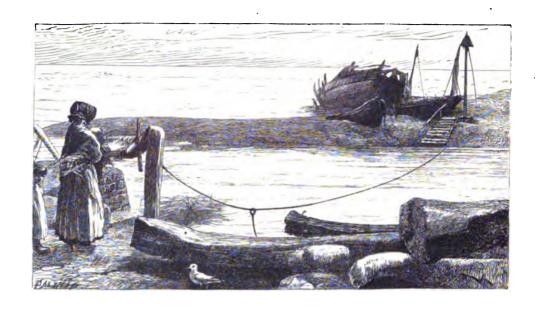
Pride of their cottage plenishing
When he and she were wed,
It took its stand, with tell-tale hand,
Beside their marriage bed.
It set the times of death and birth
To an unvarying song,
Nor changed, as hours of joy or mirth
Passed, swift or slow, along.

Albeit brass and wood, that keep
An even pace and voice,
Which with our sorrows cannot weep,
Nor with our joys rejoice,
That cottage clock hath grown a part
Of all their fourscore years,
As if it had a human heart
For joys, griefs, hopes, and fears.

Each week 't was cleansed from stain and soil,
And wound with pride and care—
The mark between six days of toil,
And one of rest and prayer.
And in their eve, as in their prime,
That rite is still gone through,
As carefully as if with time
Their age had still to do.

TOM TAYLOR.





# STAINLEY FERRY.

This is Stainley Ferry:

Here we met and parted—

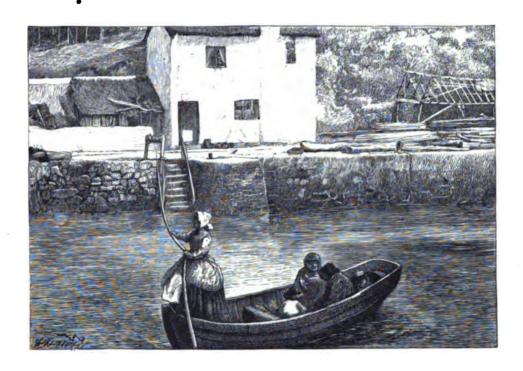
Meeting, we were merry,
Parting, broken-hearted.

She came—she went away—
I kissed her—she was gone:
Unchanged at all, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

Still looks Stainley Ferry,
By the peaceful river;
Ever-changing faces
Come and go for ever;
Never one may stay—
They flit—they fade—are gone;
While still unchanged, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

# STAINLEY FERRY.

Why by Stainley Ferry
Muse I like a lover?
Love must come and vanish,
Youth is quickly over.



Sweet lips turn to clay,
Pleasure must begone,
While still unchanged, from day to day.
The river is flowing on.

#### DOCTOR TOM.

Or all the doctors that there be, Doctor Tom for my monie; He came to cure the cow, you see, And finished off by curing me!

Horses and cattle are his trade, But he for finer things was made: He understands a human case Better than any one in the place.

For fret and trouble day and night, Worry and fidget left and right, Muddle and trouble everywhere, Were growing more than I could bear.

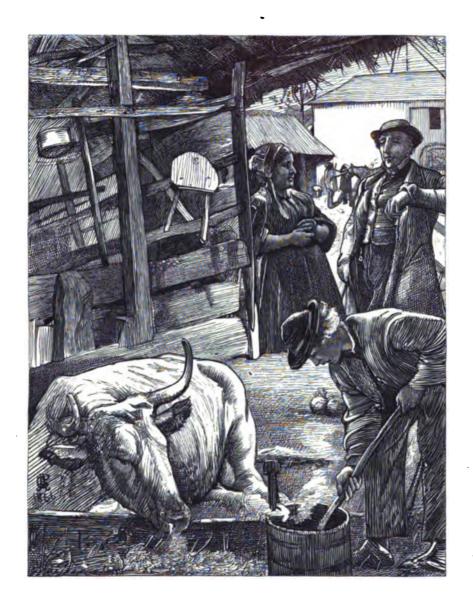
A widow here I dwelt for years, And life was full of frets and fears; The crops and flocks were growing small— I could not manage things at all.

But Doctor with his cheery face Brought better than physic to the place: He came to keep the cow from harm, And morn and night was at the farm.

At last he whispered in mine ear, "You're looking like a ghost, my dear! But you shall soon be fresh and free If you'll entrust your case to me."

He found me willing, for I knew
That he was clever, strong, and true,
And, tho' the gossips spoke their thought,
I took the comfort that he brought.

At last, when several weeks had fled, "It's time to finish the cure," he said, And round my waist his arm he threw,—And married me before I knew!



The cow is milking down the dell, The farm and flocks are doing well: Was ever doctor half so clever?— My complaint is gone for ever.

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# THE WATER WRAITH.\*

The sea is moaning, the new-born cries,
In her child-bed sorrow the mother lies,—
And the fisher fisheth far away,
In the morning grey.



The lift is laden, the dawn appears,—
Is it the moan o' the wind he hears?
Is it the splash o' the ocean foam?
Or a cry from home?

The wind is whistling in shroud and sheet,—
He fisheth there that the babe may eat;
He gazeth down from the side of his bark
On the waters dark.

\* Wraith, the apparition of one on the point of death.

### THE WATER WRAITH.

Sees he the gleam o' the foam-flake there, Or a white white face in its floating hair? Salt seaweeds that are shoreward drifted, Or arms uplifted?

His heart is heavy, his lips are set, He sighs as he draggeth in his net;



The dawning brightens, the water screams, And the white face gleams!

'T is chill, so chill, as he shoreward flies;
The boat is laden, the new-born cries,—
But the wraith of the mother fades far away
In the morning grey!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

# THE FALLEN LEAF.

SILENT leaf of Autumn,
Dropping from the bough,
What a tender teacher
Of the truth art thou!

Upon thee is written
Wisdom deep and true,
More than many sages
Ever taught or knew.

Under thee are hidden
Mysteries divine,
All thy life—a lesson,
And thy death—a sign.

Thou hast done thy duty
Where thy lot was laid,
Deckt thy tree with beauty,
Comforted with shade.

Over life's beginnings In each tender shoot, Over bud and blossom, Over swelling fruit;

Warding oft the tempest
That against thee beat,
Softening the sunshine's
Too excessive heat;

Outer air inspiring,
Light and gentle dew
Drinking in, life's being
Daily to renew;

Breathing back its perfume From the secret cells, Where thy hidden gladness Delicately dwells. Underneath thy shelter

Lay the downy nest,

Beasts in Summer noontides

Came to thee for rest.

Happy hearts and voices Rang in youthful glee, Playing 'neath the shadow Of thy stately tree;

While the old and weary
Rested in the shade,
Which the whisp'ring thousands
Of thy kindred made.

One amid those thousand Thousands of thy kind, Underneath thee only None could shelter find;

But love's sweet communion

Made the perfect bough,

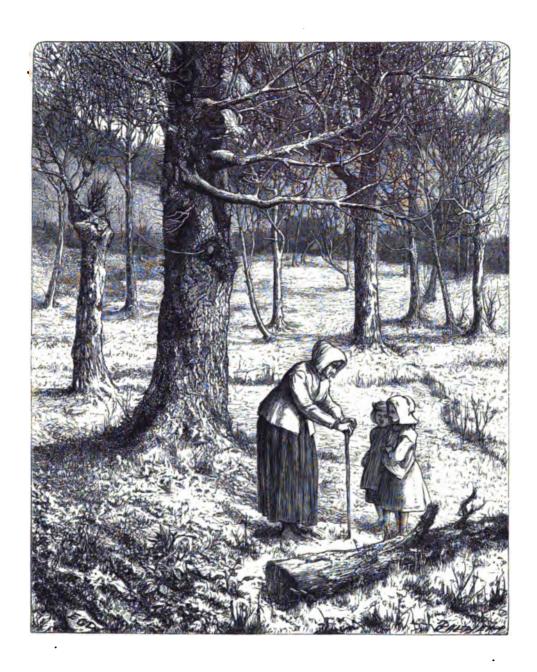
And a part essential

Of its wealth wast thou!

Now thy Spring-tide over, Now thy Summer fled, Thou are gently gather'd Down amid the dead;

Falling with soft rustle
On their mother's breast,
Very little bustle
Laying thee to rest.

Sad autumnal sighings
Low for burial lay
Thee, with the companions
Of thy Summer day;



And the feet of heedless
Daily passers-by,
In thy grave compose thee,
All unconsciously.

Yet thy death is thoughtful:
Life, that never dies,
Hath its claim upon thee,
And thou shalt arise.

#### THE FALLEN LEAF.

Wrapt around the fibres
Of that stately tree,
Once more with its being
Mingled thou shalt be:

Till the time appointed
Waiting in the dust,
Waiting in the quiet
Confidence of trust,

Till the angel trumpet
Of God's Spring shall call,
Of thy resurrection
Sure as of thy fall!

Silent leaf of Autumn
Dropping from the bough,
What a touching teacher
Of God's truth are thou!

Though to human senses
Passionless and dumb,
How the life that now is
Talks of that to come;

Teaching truths mysterious From what round us lies, And through earthly shadows Heaven's realities;

Preaching better sermons,

To the point more near,

Than it is one's fortune

Oft from men to hear;

Home to the affections
Striking straight and true,
Until souls believe them,
And believing do.

Life—with its beginnings Waking out of death, At the gentle stirrings Of the Spirit's breath;

Life—with its renewals
Daily fresh and free,
Fed by its communion
With the Living Tree;

Life—with all the duties Of life's mystic plan, Giving and receiving Gifts for God and man;

Life—with the resigning
Of its sacred trust,
Laying down its body
Hopeful in the dust;

Certain of the morning When it shall awake, And the glorious body Of its Saviour take;

Certain of the Spring-tide When it shall arise, And in better beauty Blossom for the skies.

Silent leat of Autumn!
Dropping from thy tree,
These the sacred lessons
That I learn from thee:

Train me, O my Father, In their heavenly lore, On unto perfection Lead me evermore!

JOHN MONSELL.



# THE GIVER OF GOOD.

CHILD, when with tending careful hand, Amid the flowers you go, Forget not Him whose watchfulness Sends rain on all below.

The same great Hand that guides the stars Pours down the fruitful shower; Then let the rain-drops speak His love, The stars proclaim His power.

### THE NUTTING.

I LOVE my pretty Cousin Kate,
Altho' I scarcely reach her shoulder,
Altho' my age is only eight,
And she is more than seven years older.

Though she is tall, she's sweet and free,

Though she looks proud, no face is fonder,

And Kate is wild and glad like me,

When nutting in the woods we wander!

Fine are the woods by Clover Heath
In golden weather such as this is—
She cracks me nuts with her sweet teeth,
And gives them me with kindly kisses.

And by the stream, that sings a tune,
Beside sweet Kate I musing tarry,
And eat the nuts, and count how soon
I shall be big enough to marry.

Oh, fine it is through branches brown

To scramble, laughing, shouting, tearing,

Sweet Kitty in her cotton gown,

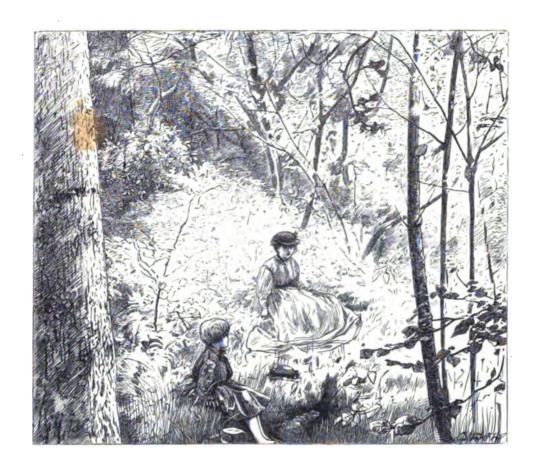
And I for scratches little caring.

I wish for evermore that she

May be my mate in woods like this is,

And laugh, and crack the nuts for me,

And while I eat them give me kisses.



Kate is the only wife I'll wed;
She's blithe and bold, and greedy never;
That Kate loves me is clear, I've said,
And I'll be true to Kate for ever!

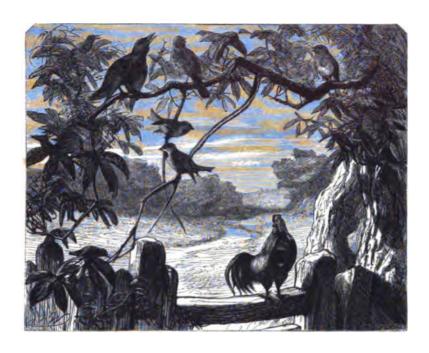
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# LIVE IN PEACE.

Look at the doves on the rooftree there, Brother and sister, always a pair; In sunshine bright, and in rainy weather, They love each other and keep together.

Little children, in childlike love, You should be like the gentle dove, Ever ready in peace to live, Slow to offend, and quick to forgive.



# MORNING SONG IN THE COUNTRY.

Come out of your beds, there,
The cock loudly crows—
The birds they are singing,
The morning wind blows;
And, see, the red morning
So gaily is here;
On meadow, on brooklet,
The sunbeams shine clear.

Take coats from the cupboard, Take hats from the wall, Take scythe and take sickle, And hay-fork and all; The maids to the meadow,
The men to the field,
That corn-field and hay-field
Good harvest may yield.

And while ye are sowing
And ploughing for food,
Look gratefully up to
The Giver of good,
Who sends us our bread
By His mercy and power,
And blessing and increase,
And sunshine and shower.

### SAILOR'S LOVE.

What should I look on as I went aboard ship,

But lovers quarrelling down along the dale?

Quiet and sly and sneering was his lordship.

The lass looked greener than a delphin's tail.

"Heigho!" cried I, "this comes of love on land;

Too much of company brings pain and smarting.—

A romp among the pretty ones is grand;

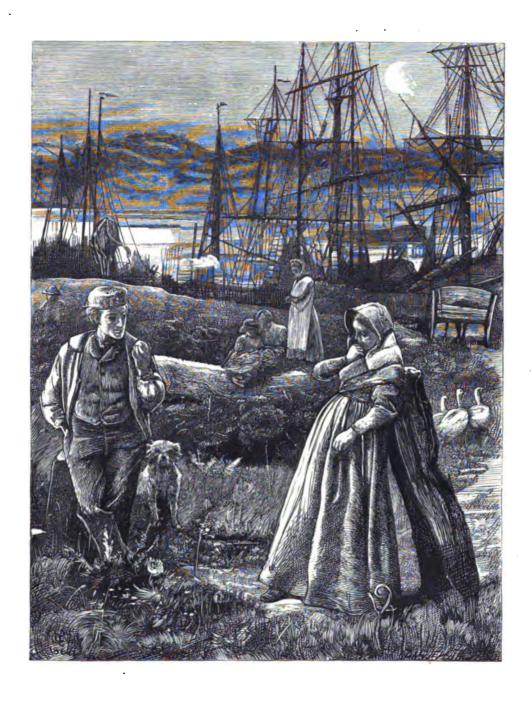
Sweet greeting, though, for me, and speedy parting."

Inez is smiling, if you call at Cadiz;

Drop down by Wapping, there grins English Sue;
All the world o'er the pretty smiling ladies
Wait for the sailor, always trim and true;
Merry for ever, always fresh and free,
Sorry a little when we talk of starting.
But never grudging one his libertie;
Sweet greeting, then, say I, and speedy parting.

Can't tie a lad and lass like logs together,
But they must bore each other now and then;
One can't be smiling in all sorts of weather,—
Women are women only, men are men.
After the days afloat, a day ashore,
Glad welcome from the pretty faces darting;
A kiss—a dance—then, hey! away once more;—
Sweet greeting, then, say I, and speedy parting.

Pleasant the pretty prattling and beguiling,
After a busy dashing up and down;
Sun, lads, a little, in a woman's smiling,
But go aboard ere she has time to frown;
And coming ever pleasant, ever new,
See nothing of the fretting and the smarting,
But find the fair ones ever kind and true:
Sweet greeting, then, say I, and speedy parting.





### A LIFE IN A YEAR.

# I. THE OPEN WINDOW. (MORNING.)

GLITTERED in sunshine the gravel walk,
Glittered the grassy lawn with dew,
When I stayed my horse at the gate in talk
With her brother leaning across it. I knew
She had but lately come from school;
I had not seen her when in the calm
Breath of the Summer morning cool
I took my way past the Upland Farm.

What did the Summer roses say,

That round the half-opened casement clung?

Red, red to their very hearts were they:

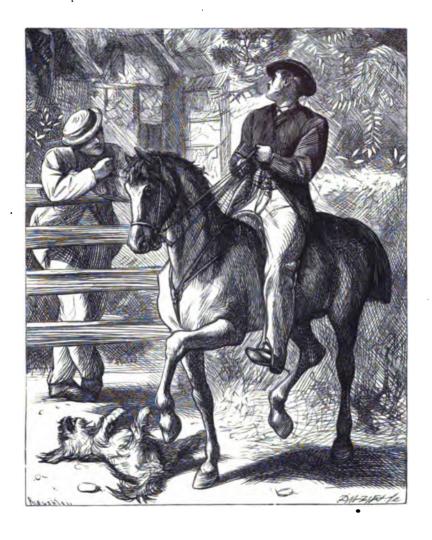
Did they tell me that I and the world were young?

Just for a moment they swayed and shook,

Parted to show me a sudden face:

Can a face alter a life?—a look

Make of the world another place?



Just for a moment the roses shook,

And a face looked out from among them, then
Vanished—but not from my heart the look,

At a window that never will shut again.
Still at the Upland Farm the rose

Blows on the wall and blooms within;
Still in my heart it blooms and blows,

The rose I have set my life to win!

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# A LIFE IN A YEAR.

II. THE GARDEN. (NOON.)

By me the valley-lily blows

Unsung amid its shrouding green;
By me unmourned the violets close

Their dim sweet eyes, and die unseen;
For it was Autumn when I met

Her whom I love: the sunflowers bold
Stood up like guards around her set,

And all the air with mignonette
Was warm within the garden old.
Beside her feet the marigold
Glowed star-like; and the sweet pea sent
A sigh to follow as she went
Slowly adown the terrace—there
I saw thee, O my love! and thou wert fair.



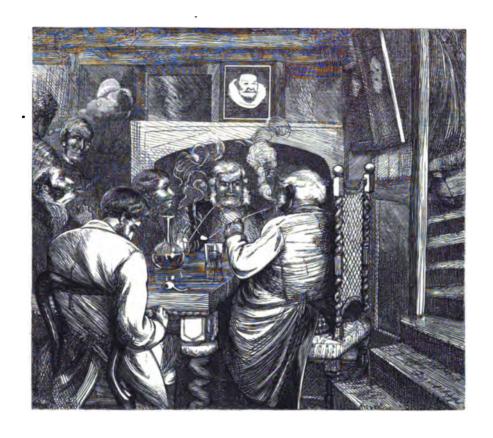
She stood in the full noonday unafraid,
As one beloved of sunlight; for awhile
She leant upon the time-worn balustrade;
The white clematis wooed her, and the clove
Hung all its burning heart upon her smile;
And on her cheek and in her eyes was love;
And on her lips, that, like an opening rose,
Seemed parting some sweet story to disclose,
The soul of all the Summer lingered—there
I saw thee, O my love! and thou wert fair.



# A LIFE IN A YEAR.

III. THE GRASSY WALK. (EVENING.)

I was to meet her at set of sun—
Why to the quiet Grange that day
Should my father's friends come one by one
Dropping in with intent to stay?
All that long sunny afternoon,
Oh, how weary seemed their talk
Of rise in cattle and fall in hay!
Had they forgotten that it was June,
Roses in bloom and birds in song?
Yet the lane will turn, be it never so long:
They went at last, and I took my way,
Light as a bird to the grassy walk.



Warm was the Summer breeze that stole

To my cheek, and warm the Summer air;
Golden the slanting sunbeams there

Streamed through the boughs; each elm tree's bole

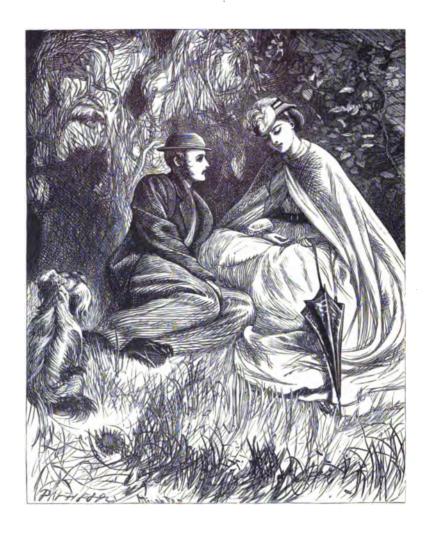
Stood up clear as is the stalk

Of a lily cropped by an angel's hand.

One bird sang clear to be the soul

Of the silent spell, as I saw her stand,

Waiting for me, in the grassy walk.



A LIFE IN A YEAR.

# IV. BETROTHAL.

Sweet is the Summer, but quickly past,
There's but little left when June is over;
Can we bid the breath of the woodbine last,
Or harvest the scent of the hay and clover?

#### A LIFE IN A YEAR.

Sweet are the days that so quickly fleet;
But there is a word that is yet unspoken,
A word that only a word can meet,
A chain to be bound, or a spell to be broken.

Oh for that word to make me blest,
And safe for ever! So many woo her,
I am but one among the rest:
Who of a maiden's heart can be sure?
Enough of dreams, and of looks, and sighs;
There is a word that must now be spoken,
That gives me all, or that all denies—
Will a heart be won, or a heart be broken?

All things hung ripe and ready to fall,
Crimson the leaf of the maple burning;
A breath would bring the peach from the wall,
Or shake down the apples, ruddy turning;
And yet not a breath the corn-field stirred
From its golden rest when the word was spoken,
One Autumn eve, and met by a word—
There was no love lost, and no heart broken!

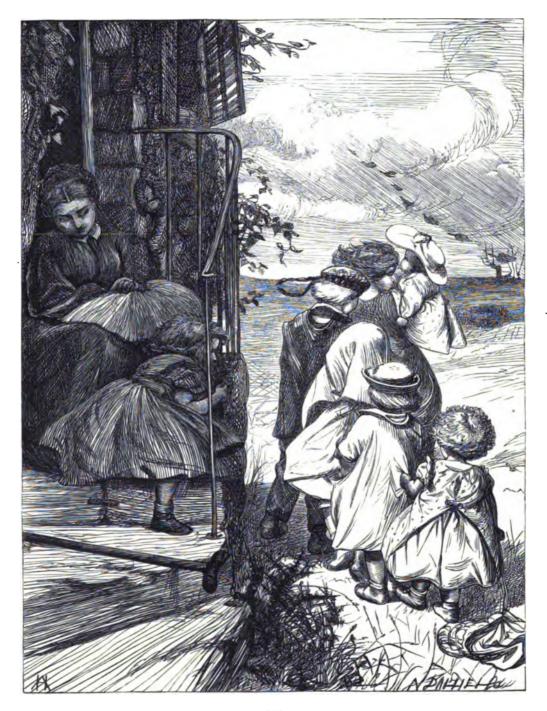
DORA GREENWELL.



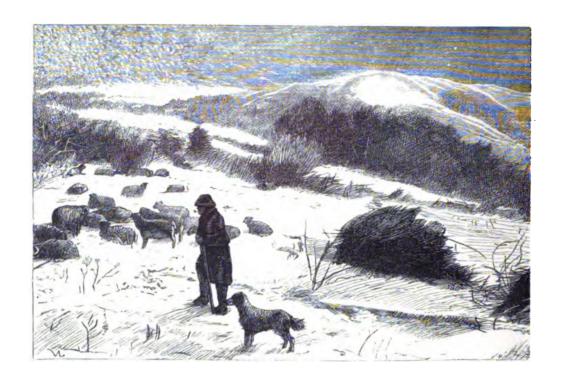
### CRIPPLED JANE.

They said she might recover, if we sent her down to the sea, But that is for rich men's children, and we knew it could not be: So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and we saw her day by day Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked; till her last chance died away. And now I'm dying; and often, when you thought that I moaned with pain, I was moaning a prayer to Heaven, and thinking of Crippled Jane. Folks will be kind to Johnny; his temper is merry and light; With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy sense of right. And no one could quarrel with Susan; so pious, and meek, and mild, And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such a child! But Jane will be weird and wayward—fierce, and cunning, and hard; She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor win regard.— God have mercy upon her! God be her guard and guide! How will strangers bear with her, when, at times, even I felt tried? When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow face, And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her languid pace; When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks, with a selfish hand, The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the land; Or when she sits in some corner, no one's companion or care, Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched on a step of the stair; While far off the children are playing, and the birds singing loud in the sky, And she looks through the cloud of her headache, to scowl at the passers-by. I die-God have pity upon her!-how happy rich men must be!-For they said she might have recovered--if we sent her down to the sea.

HON. MRS. NORTON.



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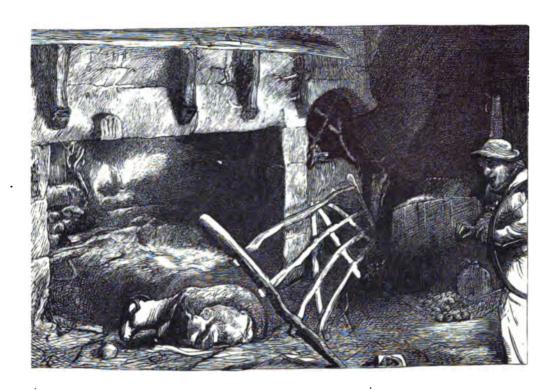


# THE OLD SHEPHERD.

I. ON THE HILLS.

The vapours glitter on the hill,—
The morning air is soft,—
There's music in the merry rill,—
There's music in the croft.
But turn from what is gay and green,
To gaze on this pathetic scene.

The silent tarn is frozen dry—
The hills return no sound—
There's Winter in the dappled sky,
And Winter on the ground:
The shepherd knows the scene austere,
And why the wind is tempered here!



# THE OLD SHEPHERD.

# II. AT HOME.

I GRUDGE that lonely man his crook:—
It seems no idle whim
That if he reads in Nature's book,
Her voice has been to him
A spiritual life to sway
And cheer him on his endless way.

Oh, fair are these sequestered lives,
Their labours never soil—
Thrice blest is he who thus derives
A dignity from toil:
And HE who loves us all will keep
The shepherd who so loves his sheep.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

# THE ISLAND BEE.

#### A RHYME.

FAR from his island bowers
Daily he wanders,
Kissing the virgin flowers
Of the mainlanders.

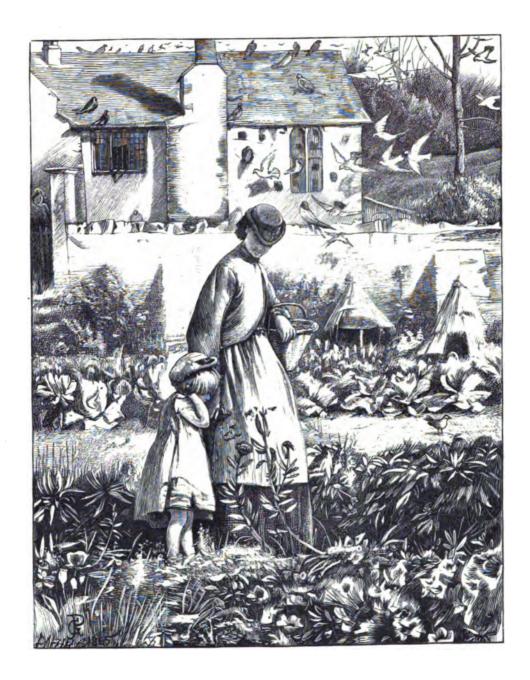
Far o'er the lonely wild White the stream foameth; There this undaunted Gael Fearlessly roameth.

Over the mighty ben Into the corry, Piping he sweeps agen On his sweet foray.

Where the sweet homestead peers, Singing he cometh; Round the farm urchin's ears Terribly hummeth;

Brushing with pinion sweet,
Hydromel-laden,
The dew-drops around the feet
Of the farm maiden.

Then as o'er eave and vane
Hovers the swallow,
And o'er the western main
Stoops red Apollo,



#### THE ISLAND BEE.

Homeward, by the ocean's brink, Briskly he urges, Where the blind cockles blink Under the surges.

Over the strait he flies

To the green islands,

Bearing about his thighs

Spoils from the nigh lands.

All the drones hum with glee, "Hail to the Raider, Claymored and tartan'd Bee, Matchless invader!

"Bravely gone, safely come, Chieftain unconquered! Give him a Highland hum! Give him a tankard!"

Then to the hive they flee,
Red, black, and yellow,
Where he gets three times three—
Jolly good fellow!



# THE FOUR SEASONS.

BIRDS are in the woodland, buds are on the tree, Merry Spring is coming,—ope the pane and see.

Then come sportive breezes, fields with flowers are gay, In the woods we're singing, through the Summer day.

Fruits are ripe in Autumn, leaves are sere and red, Then we glean the corn-field, thanking God for bread.

Then at last comes Winter,—fields are cold and lorn, But there's happy Christmas, when our Lord was born.

Thus as years roll onward, merrily we sing, Thankful for the blessings all the seasons bring.

## GOOD BYE.

GOOD BYE, good bye, Miss Rosie;
A word that is sad to say;
Though you are young and bonny,
And I am old and grey:
Your life is only beginning,
And mine drawing near its end,
But Death's tace at the close of my journey
Is the quiet face of a friend.

I am not afraid of him, dearie:

We have often met face to face

When I tended the sick and dying—

And now I am in their place,

And they are away in heaven,

Where sickness and pain are o'er;

Where we all grow good together,

And, mayhap, grow young once more.

Good bye—are you sorry to say it?

More sorry, I think, than I.

Yes, I'd like to have lived to see you

Wed in the church hard by;

I'd like to have had your wee things

Toddling about my knee:

You'll remember old Nurse a little,

And tell them sometimes of me?

I was only a nurse, Miss Rosie:
I never had daughter or son,
Never a home or a husband,
And of sweethearts only one:
If I should meet him shortly,
Do you think I should know him again?
He died at nineteen, Miss Rosie,
And I lived to threescore and ten.



Good bye, good bye, my dearie;
And good bye to each and all:
My duty to the young ladies,
My love to the children small;
And say I am waiting patient
Till I hear His knock at the door;
When I shall go forth to meet Him,
And be with Him evermore.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

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# JOY EVERYWHERE.

I HAVE been on the mountain
That the song-birds love best,
They were sitting there, they were flitting there,
They were building their nest.

I have been in the garden
Where the busy bees did roam,
They were coming, all humming,
To their straw-covered home.

I have been in the meadows,

The lambkins were there;
On the mount, in the meadow,

There was joy ev'rywhere.

## RAIN.

#### (See Frontispiece.)

Now, breathing up from beds of balm,

The Angel of the Spring appears,

With wings that droop in pensive calm,

And eyes that startle light from tears;

And where she goes she leaves behind

Her footprints green in wood and lane,

And in her changeful path the wind

Blows the wild shadows of the rain.

Oh, watch them blown from hill to hill,
O'er silent streams and breezy downs,
From thorp to thorp, from vill to vill,
And over solitary towns.
Oh, watch them go, oh, watch them blow,
With silvery gleams of light between,
While branches grow, and waters flow,
And woods and lawns grow dewy green!

Oh, dark and still across the ground
The melancholy shadows fly,
And where they pass, with weeping sound,
Unseen the Angel passes by.
Yet often, while the sweet show'rs flow,
A glory flits from place to place,
And, girdled by the beauteous Bow,
Comes a strange glimmer of her face!

### IN THE GLEN OF DALZIEL.

"On! ken ye wha has left us?"
Said the Woodruff to the Fern,
"Oh! ken ye wha has left us?
E'en the Laird's sweet laddie bairn.
Never mair amang the Starworts
In the sunshine he'll be seen,
Wi' his hauns as white's my petals,
And his bonny, glancin' een;
For they've laid him in a shadow
That nae sunbeam lichts, I ween.

"Ha'e ye heard the waefu' wailin'
O' the Linties, Lady Fern?
Ha'e ye heard their waefu' wailin'
For the Laird's lost laddie bairn?
E'en the Kaes are chatterin' saftly,
And the Robin sings, they say,
As he sings in dull October,
When the grass is turning grey,
As when ne'er a Flower can hear him
On a cheerless Winter day.

"Heard ye ocht like some ane sabbin',
Lady Fern, fu' late yestreen,
When the Stars we saw were glimmerin'
In the lift, like tearfu' een?
While the ivy leaves were flappin'
A' alang the kirk-yaird wa',
And the dew, like tears, aboot us
Frae the trees began to fa',—
Heard ye nocht like some ane sabbin',
Lady Fern, yestreen ava?

"'T was his mither's sel' was passin',
Wae and weary, up the glen,
In sic grief as only mithers
Wha ha'e lost like her can ken.
There are kindly hearts aboot her,
That, to see her tears, are sair,
And there's ae dear ane that blithely
On himsel' wad tak' her care:
But the cup o' grief's nae sweeter
Though a mournin' warl' may share.

"Oh! gin we micht but tell her,
While she's wailin', Lady Fern,
That the flowers she'll see neist Summer
But precede her bonny bairn.
We micht wile her frae her sorrow,
And wi' this micht dry her e'e:—
'He but lies a langer Winter
In the lichtless gloom than we,
But the Summer will be endless
When your bairn ye neist shall see.'"

DAVID WINGATE



## THE FAILING TRACK.

Where go the feet that hitherto have come?

Here yawns no gulf to quench the flowing Past.

Slowly and gently, as a song grows dumb,

The grass floats in: the gazer stands aghast.



Tremble not, maiden. Let the footprints die.

The skylark's way doth vanish with his notes.

The mighty-throated, when he mounts on high,

Far o'er some lowly landmark sings and floats.

Fear not, I say. Paths vanish from the wave
Where thousand ships have torn a track of grey,
And yet new ships go on, quiet and brave:
A changeless heart of iron tells the way.

#### THE FAILING TRACK.

What! neither loadstone heart, nor eye of lark,
To guide thy footsteps where old footprints fail?
Ah! then 't is time to turn, before the dark:
Thy childhood's vision lies not in yon vale.



The backward path alone is plain to see;
Thy foot hath pressed it, weary ways behind:
Back to the prayer beside thy mother's knee;
Back to the question and the child-like mind.

Then start afresh,—but toward a noble end;
Some goal o'er which there hangs a star at night.
So shalt thou need no footprints to befriend;
True heart and shining star will guide thee right.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

#### KITTY MORRIS.

KITTY MORRIS has made me sad,—
Though she is a woman, and I am a lad.

I think of her beauty in a dream; The thought of her lips is like drinking cream.

Kitty's breath, when she passes me, Leaves scent like the bloom of an apple tree.

The wave of her dress is witching sweet, Shining and thrilling like waving wheat.

Why should Kitty trouble me so?— She is in love with a tall fellow!

To me she is so merry and kind, That she leaves a sense of despair behind.

Kitty has ever a smile for me, Yet can be sharp with a man, you see!

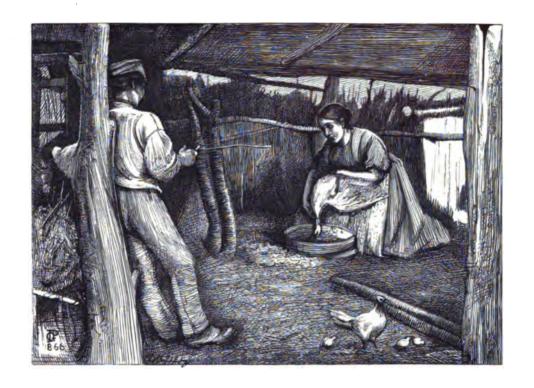
Would she were cruel and hard to please: With me, alas! she is ever at ease.

She laughs if I press her finger-tips; She would not scream if I kissed her lips.

With me she has neither shame nor fear, Yet blushes bright when a man is near!

Oh, might I be the dress she wears!

Or the mat she kneels on to wash the stairs!



Would I were one of her hens or ducks! Ay! or the very goose she plucks!

Would I were the pudding she makes, Tasted so daintily while it bakes!

Would I were the little boot, Kissing the curve of her dainty foot!

Anything rather than feel so sad,— See Kitty a woman, and I but a lad!

201 26

### A VAGRANT'S SONG.

O THOU who, with a giftless hand,
Dost early toil and late
To scare the wild bird from thy land,
The beggar from thy gate,
Up with thy scarecrows when they come,
The world is wide, I trust:
The wandering bird will find a crumb,
The wandering man a crust.

Preserve thy proper heritage,
Respect thy little creed,
Flourish content within thy cage,
And dully chirp and feed;
While wild and free we go and come,
And wander as we must,
The wandering bird will find a crumb,
The wandering man a crust.

Content within thy narrow space,

There let thy wings be furled;

Con o'er each old familiar face,

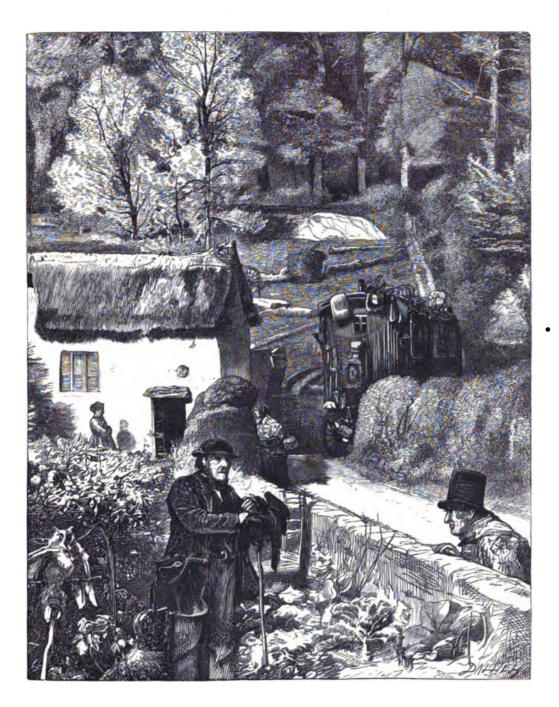
And think thou feel'st the world;

What care the shapes that go and come,

Begrimed and dark with dust?—

The wandering bird will find a crumb,

The wandering man a crust.



203 26-- 2

### A VAGRANT'S SONG.

Yet, surely, wheresoe'er we roll,

How deep soe'er we grieve,

We feel a motion of man's soul

Thou dost but half perceive;

Our spirits, neither blind nor dumb,

Between no bars are thrust,

And wandering birds will find a crumb,

And wandering men a crust.

Ay! while we roam we see full plain,

Not merely grass and clod—

A world that, like a thing in pain,

Feels the strange gaze of God;

Under that gaze we go and come,

In wonder, yet in trust,

For wandering birds will find a crumb,

And wandering men a crust.



## THE CHICKENS AND THE HAWK.

FORTH from the barn, the hen Led chickens eight, nine, ten: Through the yard the little rout Ran so gaily round about, Scratching in the yellow ground, Gleeful when a prize they found.

"At once," cried out the hen,
"Come, chickens, eight, nine, ten!
Run to shelter, for I spy
Yonder hawk that wheels on high."
Quickly ran those chickens there—
Upward gazing in the air.

Right saucily, cried then
Those chickens eight, nine, ten—
"Does our mother mean, I wonder,
That small speck that's floating yonder,
And she raises such a cry
For that little beetle-fly?"

But down the hawk swooped then Upon those chickens ten; And the little saucy crowd Saw their danger, screamed aloud; And the mother, with dismay, Saw the hawk bear two away.

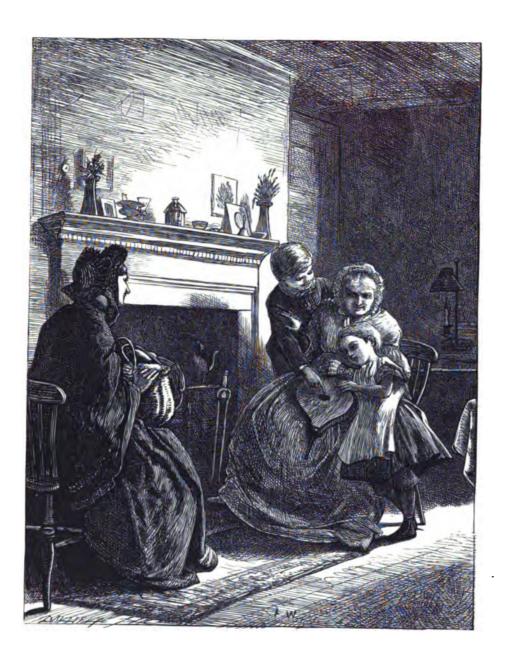
## WHERE THE WIND COMES FRAE.

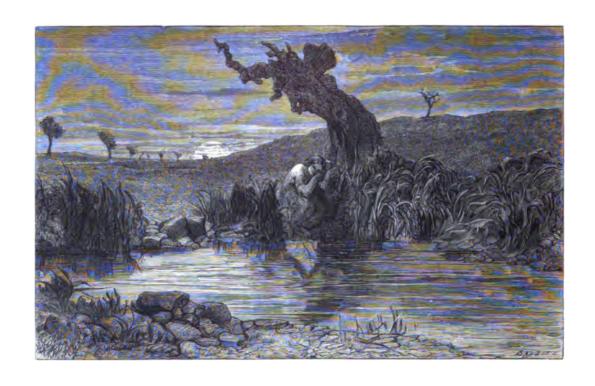
Oн, weel I mind, Oh, weel I mind,
Tho' now my locks are snaw,
How oft langsyne I sought to find
What made the bellows blaw!
How, cuddling on my grannie's knee,
I questioned night and day,
And still the thing that puzzled me
Was—where the wind came frae?

Tho' I ha'e dwelt for many a year
Thro' pleasure and thro' pain,
Still must I rax my wits and speir,
And wish the puzzle plain?
The warld o' men wi' change on change
Rolls darkly on its way,
And still I ask, in wonder strange,
Where, where the wind comes frae?

The wind that beats the widow's face
Outside the rich man's door,
The wind that drives the human race,
And levels rich and poor;
The wind that breaks a people's chain,
Or doth a monarch slay,—
While weary men in doubt or pain
Ask—where the wind comes frae?

Oh, I ha'e striven, loved, and sinned,
And I ha'e lost in tears,
But now the hollow eerie Wind
Sounds sweeter in mine ears.
Depart, O life! come soon, O death!
Till I am blest as they,
Who, brightening beneath His breath,
Wake—where the wind comes frae!



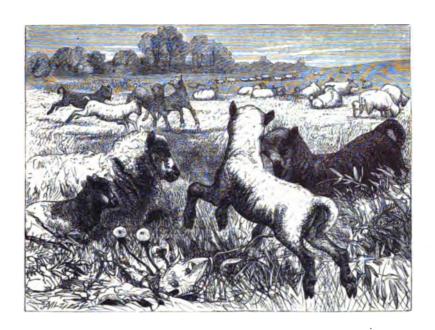


# OF A POOL.

Amid a common where no herb will grow,

There is a stagnant water, dark and deep,
And still, as the compressed lips that keep
A guilty secret (save indeed one low
And hushing sound which, waving to and fro,
The conscious sedges make). Upon its steep
And broken bank, where coiling adders sleep,
Stands a bare tree whose date no man doth know:
A place of evil, loneliness, and fear.

T. J. JUDKIN.



#### THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

THE lambkin in the meadow leaps,
Upsoars the lark to sing,
A holiday all Nature keeps—
'T is Spring—the merry Spring!

The cowslips and the cuckoo-buds

The wanton zephyrs swing;

And sunshine all the landscape floods—

"T is Spring—the merry Spring!

The cuckoo wanders through the croft,
The swallow's on the wing;
Like fleece the white clouds fly aloft—
'T is Spring—the merry Spring!

Beneath the thatch of lowly cots

The nesting martins cling,

Out-peep the blue forget-me-nots—

'T is Spring—the merry Spring!

From wood and moor, from mead and lea Our garlands let us bring, A holiday this day shall be— 'T is Spring—the merry Spring!

Bring all your wreaths and posies here, And we will crown him king; The sweetest season of the year— The Spring—the merry Spring!

Tom Hood.

# "THE SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD SHOW THE FUTURE MAN."

Say, is it true, the line I quote?

Can boyhood's sports foretell,

As ocean weeds that idly float,

Reveal the tidal swell?

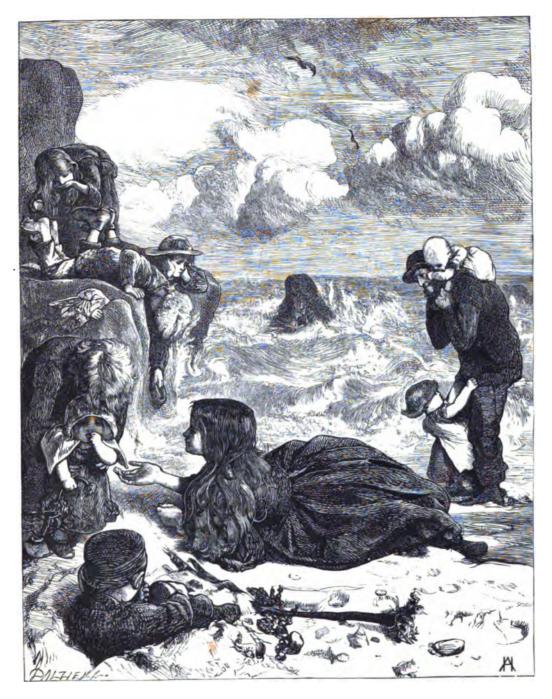
What diverse features of the mind Their boyish moods disclose! One in his work delight can find; The other in repose.

One lies to watch the briny foam Upon the rocky ledge; The other scoops himselt a home Close to the water's edge.

One leans a cheek on either hand In cogitations rare; This builds a castle on the sand; That—castles in the air!

But who the lot in life can trace,
Their future may bestow?
Or see on either youthful face
Foreshadowings of woe?

Rather for each would hope foresee
The path that suits him best,
And trust their happy lot may be
"Blessing—and to be blest."



211 27—2

### THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

I.

The king of the forest, the lord of the glen,
He stood on his watch-tower high;
For he heard the voices of coming men,
And the hound's deep baying now and then—
'T was time tor the herd to fly!

Many a time, in his mountain lair,

He had heard the hateful sound;

He leapt to his feet and sniffed the air,—

The taint of his cruel foe was there,

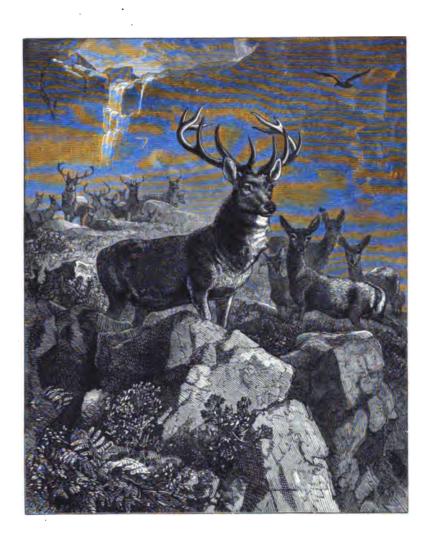
Of the huntsman and the hound.

Away! away! o'er the purple moor,

The hurrying hoofs beat fast;
They seek a fastness remote—secure,
Where the mountain breezes blow cold and pure,
Till the peril be overpast!

Upward they push, with hurried leap,
To the mountain-summits rude,
Where the eagles watch from their eyries keep
For the wounded fawn and the sickly sheep,
As a prey for their barking brood.

But vainly, vainly they fly; for when
They pause on the topmost ground,
The breezes bear from the moor and glen
The sound of the distant shouts of men,
The voice of the deep-mouthed hound!



## THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

II.

Away once more,
In terror sore,
The timid creatures burst,
Past many a pool,
Where fain they'd cool
Their agony of thirst.

To left, to right,
The birds take flight,
As flies the startled herd,
With headlong leap,
Adown the steep,
By frantic terror spurred!

In vain! in vain!

For when again

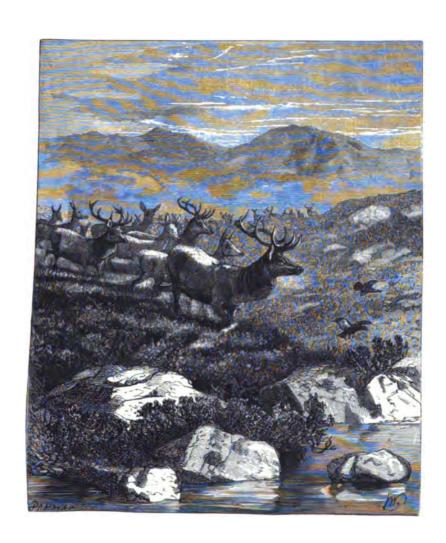
They pause awhile to hark,

Come from behind

Upon the wind

Shrill shout and sullen bark.

With panting side,
And reeking hide,
Again they urge their flight,
Till overhead
Fades sunset's red,
And falls the welcome night.



### THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

III.

THE stars gleamed passionless and still: Only the night-wind, wild and shrill, Lamented o'er the moorland chill.

The pine trees moaned beside the lake, The mournful echoes were awake, And seemed to wail for pity's sake.

The forest king, with quivering limb, Came staggering 'neath the starlight dim, And sought the lake's remembered brim.

Beside that lake he had been born— Had gambolled there at early morn, Or e'er he knew the huntsman's horn.

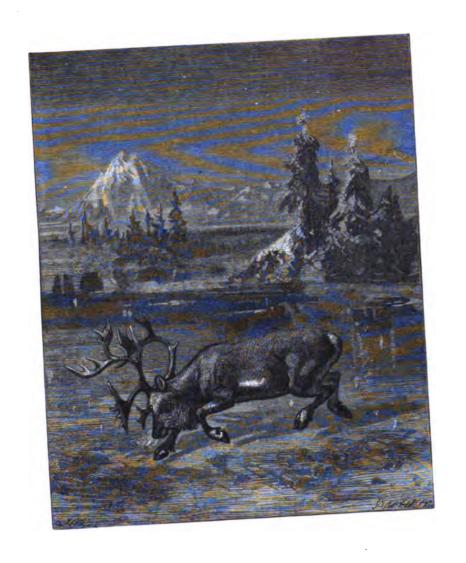
Back to that well-belovéd place, With failing breath and feeble pace, Did he his homeward journey trace.

Beside the lake he softly sank, And of its cooling waters drank, With quivering lip and heaving flank.

The moon looked calmly from her throne; Only the night-wind made its moan O'er one who perished, lost and lone.

For when the morning, cold and grey, Had ushered in another day,— Lifeless the forest monarch lay!

TOM HOOD



## PEACE.

War thunders out of other lands, And men are slain by human hands, And mothers' moans and widows' tears Sadden the sweetness of the years.

But here in England blooms the palm, Is breathed the prayer and sung the psalm; Though sleepless on his iron height, The Lion's eye is rolled in light.

The stream unreddened sweeps along; The poet hums a quiet song; Yet, from the anvil's piercing tongue The war-cry of the sword is rung.

In English meadows sleeps the lamb, Meek symbol of the pure "I AM"; But dark in yon celestial sky A taloned Fate is sailing by.

But keep, O England, peaceful rule; Far from thy shores be knave and fool; Lest the slow anger of thy sons Loose the swift lightning of their guns.

And pour, O God, around this isle The living splendour of Thy smile, That all our bays and peaks may be Havens and thrones of Liberty!



## JOCK AND HIS COLLIE.

OLD friend, we've watched for many a year
The flock upon this moorland-side,
From merry Spring till Winter drear,
Together, you and I:
We're comrades true, whate'er betide,
So let the world go by—go by—
Our friendship will abide.

Your muzzle's growing grey, old friend,
Your loving eyes are growing dim,
Our labour's coming towards the end—
We're waning, you and I;
But death looks friendly, and not grim;
So let the world go by—go by—
We have no fear of him.

We've done our duty while we could,

Through heat and cold, through sun and rain;
Our work was lowly, but 't was good:

We loved it, you and I;—

And thus we have not lived in vain,

So let the world go by—go by—

We're going home again!

I will not say good bye, old friend:

We meet again upon the shore

To which our shortening way we wend,

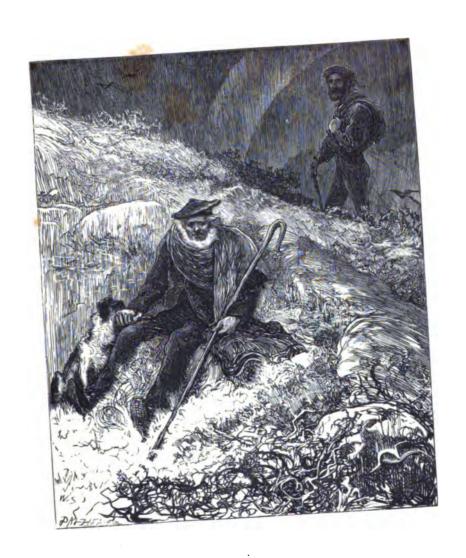
Together, you and I.

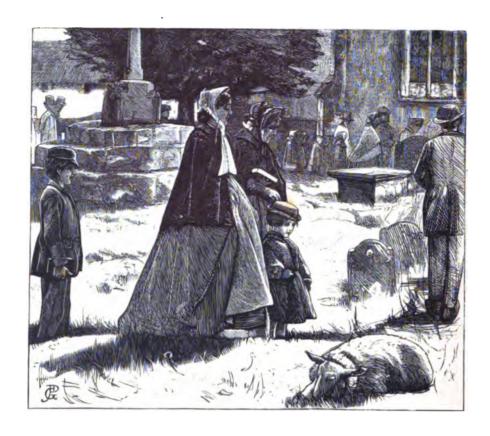
The world says we shall meet no more,

But let the world go by—go by—

There's rest for us in store!

TOM HOOD.





# KYRIE ELEISON.

It is the Sabbath Day: the sun in the sky
Looks kindly down on the earth, like God's own eye;
Sweet, through the vaulted heaven, the far-heard bell
Speaks multitudinous prayer from hill and dell;
And bright the commingling colours of raiment worn,
The "best" of our simple folk, for their Sunday morn,
Where crowds by the pleasant hedgerows troop along,—
The prattle of children mixed with the wild birds' song;
Till those fluttering vestments touch, on their churchyard way,
The stirless tombs of the Dead,—who no longer pray!

The bells have ceased from their swinging: the trampling feet Have reached, with a decent haste, the accustomed seat: Silent and reverent now, all heads are bare, In the burnished gloss of their youth, or the scant grey hair;

### KYRIE ELEISON.

And the oaken roof is thrilled by the organ's sound,
As if music sent pulses of life to the walls around,
The children's choir uplifting with voices clear
The hymn we have known thro' many and many a changeful year;
LORD, remember the souls who have met this day,
And their Dead,—who are silent for ever, and cannot pray!



Thou, Thou only canst tell, where those heads are bowed, Which are the wheat and tares in that kneeling crowd; Which is the "contrite heart" Thou wilt not despise; And where are the wandering thoughts under steadfast eyes. Thou, Thou only canst mark, when the inward woe Is but an innocent grief for its "long ago,"

#### KYRIE ELEISON.

And when it is burdened with thoughts which no man reads,
Black with impalpable dust of remorseful deeds,
Like the dust of ruin which fell on that distant shore
When the choking cities were buried to rise no more.

LORD, be good to these souls at Thy final day,
And their Dead,—who have done with repentance, and cannot pray!

Light is the Summer wind: as it comes and goes. The vew tree is still, but it lifts the trembling spray of the rose. Soft it comes over the graves,—with a wafting mild As the fanning of angel wings or the breath of a laughing child; Sweet from the river-run meadows with freshness rife, It carries a silent message from Death to Life. In at the Gothic windows it enters, and stirs the veil Of the late-made widow who sits there, meek-looking, wan, and pale; Breathes on the cheek of the maiden whose lover died Ere the happy day that had made her a willing bride; And freshens the tear-swoln eyelids, hot and sore, Of some Rachel who mourns for her children for evermore; Then back to the graveyard it wafteth their living breath, As though it returned with a message from Life to Death, LORD, remember all mourners 'mongst those that pray, And their Dead,—outside in the sunshine, this Summer day!

Their dead! Each year, as it passes, shall silence some Of the choral voices now singing of heaven's high home.

Some of these breathing and living, both young and old,

Must pass from the church to the churchyard ere Summer be cold.

The proud hard man who for ever hath heard in vain

The pitiful anxious pleading of hearts in pain,—

And the kindly helper of others, whose cheery tone

The blind and the poor recall as they grieve alone;

The parent, whose lost protection leaves life all blank for awhile;

And the child, whose death bore from us the joy of the house with his smile.

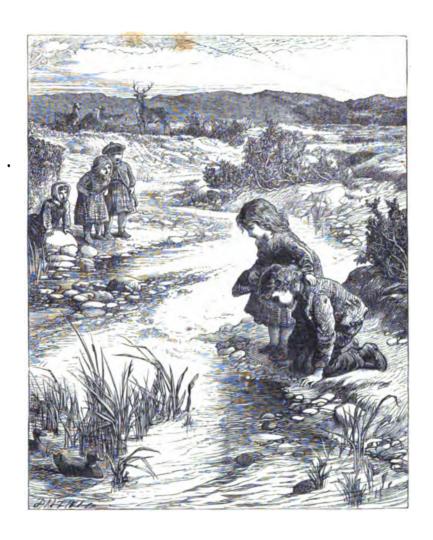
Day by day shall be parting; day by day shall be birth;

And gatherings into the bosom of one great mother—Earth.

Lord, do Thou keep us ready, we humbly pray,

And look down on the dead and the living, this Sabbath day!

THE HON. MRS. NORTON



# LIFE.

COME, track with me this little vagrant rill,
Wandering its wild course from the mountain's breast;
Now with a brink fantastic, heather-drest,
And playing with the stooping flowers at will;
Now moving scarce, with noiseless step and still;
Anon it seems to weary of its rest,
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest
Adown the ledges of the broken hill.
So let us live. Is not the life well spent
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves
For all, inheriting or adorning Earth?

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

## THE QUAIL AND HER YOUNG.

Where the golden wheat-field was waving tall,
The quail built a nest for her young ones all.
One morn at daylight abroad she flew,
And homeward came with the evening dew;
Then cried the nestlings, quaking with fear,
"O mother! a terrible danger is near:
The lord of this corn-field, the terrible man,
Came by here to-day with his son, and began,—
'The wheat-ears are ripe, the harvest we'll keep;
Go, call thou our neighbours to-morrow, to reap.'"

- "Indeed?" said the Quail; "then no haste need be made:
  Not willing are neighbours to render their aid."
  And again at morning abroad she flew,
  And came not home till the evening dew;
  Then cried the nestlings, quaking with fear,
  "O mother! another sad danger is near:
  The lord of this corn-field, the terrible man,
  Came by here again with his son, and began,—
  'Our neighbours are faithless, and came not to-day;
  Go to our relations to-morrow, and say,
  We count on your kindness, to you we've appealed
  For aid to my father in reaping his field."
- "Oh, then," said the Quail, "no haste need be made: Relations are tardy to render their aid."

  And again at morning abroad she flew,
  And came not home till the evening dew;
  Then cried the nestlings, quaking with fear,
  "O mother! the greatest of dangers is near:
  The lord of this corn-field, the terrible man,
  Passed by here again with his son, and began,—
  'Our faithless relations have failed us, I see,
  I'll reckon alone on myself and on thee;
  To-morrow, ere cockcrow, we'll rise from our sleep,
  And turn out together, the corn-field to reap.'"

### THE QUAIL AND HER YOUNG.

"Indeed?" said the Quail: "our time's drawing near—
Prepare, then, my children, we must not stay here.
Who by cousins and neighbours his work would have done,
Will find the day gone ere the task is begun:



It is by the efforts himself can bestow His work will be finished, will prosper and grow."

The Quail, with her brood, fled away then and there, And ere the next evening the corn-field was bare.

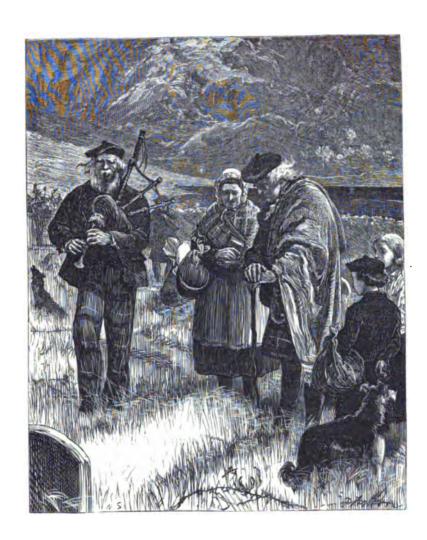
### THE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

A TERRIBLE, touching wailing
Came on the wind's wing sailing
From the graveyard on the hill,
Where, under the tremulous grasses,
Slumber the lads and the lasses,
Lying so still—so still,
That the breeze, as it lightly passes,
Softens its singing shrill.

'T was the coronach's note revealing
The anguish—the earnest feeling—
That no words may ever speak;
For when hearts are wrung by sorrow,
In vain they seek to borrow
Relief in language weak;
But music tells of a morrow,
Which is all they have to seek.

Their grief had no mere adorning
In the outward trappings of mourning;
In their weeds of daily work
They stood, those mourners, weeping,
Where their loved one lay a-sleeping
'Neath the gowan and the birk,
In the green earth's tender keeping,
In the graveyard of the kirk.

TON HOOD.



## THE OLD CART.

Through many a year of troubles and of joys,

Strong friend and faithful has this old cart been!

Ah, if it just for once could find a voice!

Could chatter of the things that it has seen!

Many a pretty burthen has it carried,

And heard the talk of many a friendly tongue.

How long ago I drove down to be married!

And this old cart was new, and I was young!

In this old cart right often, long ago,

My Bessie drove to market in her bloom;

And, ah! in this old cart, so sad, so slow,

I drove her down to put her in her tomb.

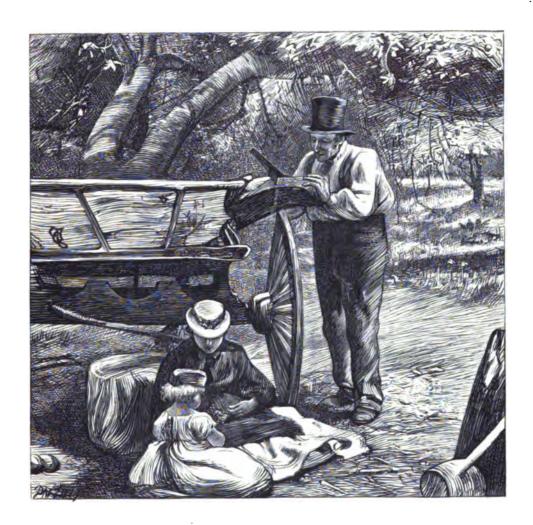
And now, while I am close to sleeping with her,

Useless and old, here our old friend is flung;

And I am tired of trudging hither, thither;

And this old cart was new when I was young.

Old cart, just fit for firewood,—spent, like me!
Old limbs of mine, no longer strong or fleet!
Yet what sweet girls have sat upon this knee,
What pretty shapes have warmed that ancient seat!
All's over now! our spell of work is wrought!
And here we linger newer things among,
One fit for firewood, t' other fit for nought;
And this old cart was new when I was young.



### BY THE RIVER.

Do you know where the moorhen built her nest?

In a bend of the silver river,

Where the gentle wind, that blew from the west,

Set the slender reeds a-shiver,

And the flowering rushes,

That sleep on the breast

Of the streamlet, that flushes

When morning blushes,

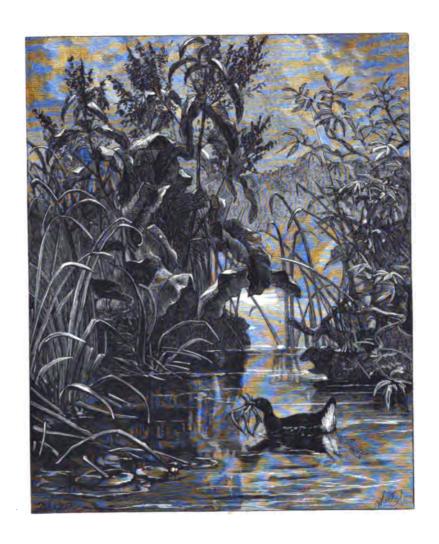
To see its own charms in the river.

But why has the moorhen left her nest
In that quiet nook by the river?—
With their cruel shot they mangled her breast,
That never again may quiver
With love for the treasure
That she possessed,
With pride and pleasure,
Beyond all measure,
In her nest down there by the river.

The nest is forsaken, the eggs a-cold,
In that silent bend of the river:

Alas! that man should so cheaply hold
The gifts of the great All-Giver—
Should delight in killing,
Like Cain of old—
For ever stilling
Warm pulses thrilling
With joy, like this bird's by the river!

Tom Hood.



## EVENING CHIMES.

To-night the bells of curfew ring;

To-morrow sharp-voiced scythes will sing

In meadows rich and ripe.

Rest falls at night like Summer rain;

To-morrow toil begins again.

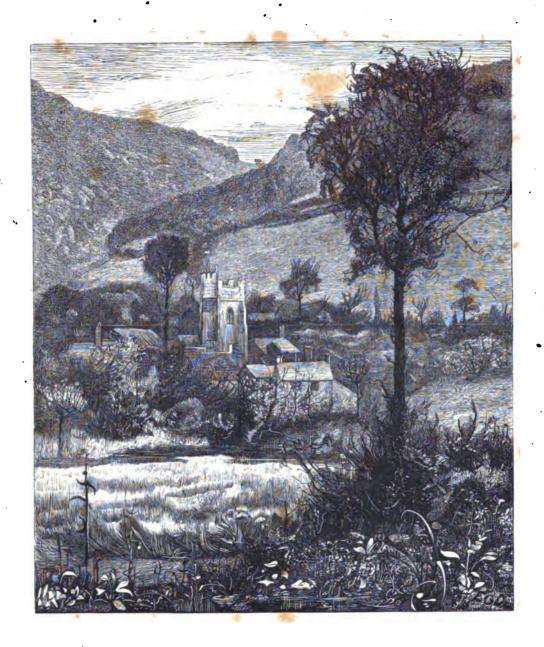
The picture is a type.

We thus our "Picture Posies" cull
From ancient meadows, never dull,
From fields for ever new.
The fragrant hay, the fitful chimes,
Bear other flowers, hint other rhymes,
Fair Nature's path to strew.

We pass away,—the church-tower bells
Ring over us their soft farewells,
The grass above us grows;
New generations follow us.
If bells or grasses perished thus,
What should we leave for those?

No! Nature's endless golden chain Brings all the old delights again To gladden children's eyes: Sunrise and sunset they behold, As Adam saw them first of old, With exquisite surprise.

So let it be! We do not grudge
The mercy of the one great Judge,—
We question not His will;
And, as from this fair world we go,
It is a peaceful joy to know
Our children have it still.



### EVENING CHIMES.

Chime, silver bells, chime up aloft,
And, knee-deep meadows, whisper soft
Your music down below;
We from your influence receive
A joy in which we scarce believe—
A grief that passeth show;—

For when we bind our picture posies,
We have to mingle rue with roses,
The bitter and the sweet.
So best!—What bells will chime aloft,
What meadow-grasses, velvet-soft,
Will rest our weary feet!

Том Ноор.



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